ANNA St. IVES:

A NOVEL.

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ANNA St. IVES:

A NOVEL.

LETTER CXVI.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover Street.

SIR Arthur arrived in town this morning. He brought the uſurer Henley up with him in the ſame carriage.

Young St. Ives ſet out before them, and was in London laſt night. He

drove directly to my lodgings, and I was fortunately at home. This did not look as if I were in the ſecret; and if he had any ſuſpicions he had not the courage to intimate them.

I condoled with him, ſaid it was a ſtrange affair, a riddle I could not read, a myſtery which time muſt elucidate, for it baffled all conjecture. He did little more than echo me, and I pretended I would have ridden half over the world to recover his ſiſter, had there been but the leaſt clue; but there was not, and I found myſelf obliged to ſit ſtill in deſpair and aſtoniſhment.

He ſaid it was all very true, and he was very tired. He ſhould therefore drive home, get ſome refreſhment, and go to bed. This fellow, Fairfax, walks

on

on two legs, looks the world in the face, and counts for one on the muſter-roll. "But nature, creſcent in him, "grew only in thews and bulk." Yet on the parade, fools and gapers will miſtake him for a man.

Contention with Anna St. Ives is honourable, but to ſeem to ſhrink from beings like theſe, or to practiſe concealment with ſuch mere images of entity, is repugnant to the generous ſcorn they merit and inſpire. Imperious neceſſity however preſcribes law, and I took care to prevent Sir Arthur's viſit to me, by having notice ſent me of his arrival, and immediately going to the encounter.

To anticipate is to overturn the card-caſtles of this puny race. Come upon

them unexpectedly, ſtare at them undauntedly, and interrogate them abruptly, and they are put to the rout. Their looks even intreat pardon for the ill they thought, but durſt not utter.

Sir Arthur I own beheld me with a ſuſpicious eye; and though he endeavoured to ſeem to credit me, he did it with an aukward air.

Mrs. Clarke hearing I was there came in, and exceeding even all her former fervour, importuned me, in the moſt direct and vehement manner, to tell what I had done with Mr. Henley and her dear young lady. She more than ever diſconcerted me. Her exuberant paſſion addreſſed itſelf alternately to me and her maſter. Her tears as well as her words were abundant, her urgency

and

and ardour extreme, and ſhe ended her apoſtrophe with again conjuring me to tell what was become of her dear, dear young lady!

"Ay, pray, pray do"—whimpered the baronet in a maudlin tone, moved by the unfeigned paſſion of his houſe-keeper. I gave him a look, and the driveller added—"if you know."

I was glad of a pretence to get away, and after telling him the diſtreſs of his mind was the only apology for his conduct, I inſtantly quitted him, without any effort on his part to detain me.

Among other things, Mrs. Clarke repeatedly reproached herſelf for not having written or ſent to my ſiſter; and the knight acknowledged—"Ay, it was "very neglectful! But his mind had

" been ſo diſturbed that he had forgot-
" ten it too!"

Why do I miſapply my time on beings ſo imbecile? Maugre all my reſolves I have not ſeen her yet, Fairfax! Nor have I opened her letter! I dare not. Her Henley I am ſure is in it, and additional rage would be indubitable madneſs! Neither is this the thing moſt to be feared. She has an expanded heart, a capacious a benevolent heart, and ſhe may have ſaid ſomething which were I to ſee, and yet do the deed which ſhall be done, it might ſhew me more fiend-like than even the foul reflection of my preſent thoughts. Perturbation has done its work; it needs no increaſe. This quality of benevolence, in which they both glory, is tor-

ture

ture to recollect. I ſay, Fairfax, I never aſked their charity. Did I not ſpurn it from me, the moment I was inſulted by the offer? Be pity beſtowed on beggars: the partiality that ſprings from affection, or the puniſhment due to neglect for me!

I will be with her ſpeedily, Fairfax! Though I linger, I do not relent. Such mercy as the being out of doubt can beſtow ſhe ſhall receive; the pleading world ſhould not wring a greater from me!

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. I muſt be ſpeedy: my ſiſter will hear of the affair by to-morrow's poſt, and I ſhall have her whole artillery playing upon me; and in the form of

letters I ſuppoſe; for I do not think ſhe will hope any thing from perſonal interview; I made her too ſenſibly feel her own inſignificance when laſt we met. I expected indeed an attack from her much ſooner, for the young lady does not want confidence in her own ſkill and courage: ſhe is of the Henley ſchool. However I do not intend to peruſe any of her epiſtles. I would ſend them back unopened, but that it would be an avowal of a knowledge of their contents; and I have no need to increaſe ſuſpicion, whoſe broad eyes are already glaring at me. But I will immediately put an end to the witch, and engender black certainty in her ſtead! The imp ſhall appear, and ſhake horrors from her ſnaky hair!

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

The Lone Houſe.

ONCE more, though but in imagination, let me converſe with my friend. I know it is deluſion, but it was the ſweet cuſtom of our ſouls, and well may be indulged. Ignorant perhaps of the cauſe, my Louiſa is at this moment accuſing me of a neglect which my heart

diſavows. Let me as uſual give her the hiſtory of that heart: it is a theme from which ſhe has taught me to derive profit.

This is the fifth day of my confinement. I have the ſame walls, the ſame windows and bars to contemplate; and the ſame bolting, and locking, and clanking to hear. It is with difficulty that I can at ſome few intervals divert my thoughts from the gloom which my own ſituation, the diſtreſs of my family, and the danger of a youth ſo dear to virtue contribute to inſpire.

Nor do I know what at this moment may be the affliction of my friend. Should ſhe have heard, ſhe cannot but diſcover the principal agent of this dark plot; and exquiſite indeed would be

be the anguiſh of her mind, could ſhe forget that fortitude and reſignation are duties. May they never be forgotten by me, during this my hour of trial!

My ſhoulder I fear has received ſome ſtrain or hurt: the pain of it continues to be great, and the inflammation is not abated. The bruiſes on my arms have increaſed in blackneſs, and their tenſion is not in the leaſt diminiſhed. The hands of thoſe bad men muſt have been as rough and callous as their hearts: they had no mercy in their gripe.

There is a loneſome ſtillneſs in this houſe, that favours the diſmal reveries which my ſituation ſuggeſts. If my handkerchief do but drop I ſtart; and the ſtirring of a mouſe places Clifton full before me. Yet I repel this weak-

neſs with all my force. I deſpiſe it. Nor ſhall theſe crude viſions, the hideous phantoms of the imagination, ſubdue that fortitude in which I muſt wholly confide.

For theſe laſt two days, Laura has pretended to grieve at confinement: but it is mimic ſorrow; words of which the heart has no knowledge. She perceives I ſuſpect her, and her acting is but the more eaſily detected.

I know not whether it be not my duty to determine to exclude her; though that ſeems like cowardice. I think it is not in her power to harm me; and for telling, if ſhe have been falſe, ſhe has done her worſt. I never made a practice of concealment, neither will I now have recourſe to ſuch a fallacious

ous expedient. Yet ſhe ſleeps in the ſame chamber with me; and ought I not to beware of inſpiring perfidy with projects? 'Tis true my ſlumbers are broken, my nights reſtleſs, and the cracking of the wainſcot is as effectual in waking me as a thunder-clap could be. I am reſolved, however, to take the key out of the door, and either hide it or hold it all night in my hand. Miſchief is meant me, or why am I here?

I am continually looking into the cloſets, behind the doors, and under the beds and drawers. I am haunted by the ſuppoſition that I ſhall every moment ſee this bad man ſtart up before me! What know I of the baſe engines he may employ, or the wicked arts to which he may have recourſe?

But

But he ſhall not ſubdue me! He may diſturb me by day, and terrify me by night; but he ſhall not ſubdue me! Shall the pure mind ſhake in the preſence of evil? Shall the fortitude which ſafety feels vaniſh at the approach of danger?

Louiſa, I will ſteel my ſoul to meet him! I know not how or when he will come! I cannot tell what are the vile black inſtruments with which he may work! Sleep I ſcarcely have any. I eat with heſitation, and drink with trembling. I have heard of potions and baſe practices, that make the heart ſhudder! Yet I ſometimes think I could reſiſt even theſe. He ſhall not ſubdue me! Or if he do, it ſhall be by treachery ſuch as fiends would demur to perpetrate.

Why do I think thus of him? Surely, ſurely, he cannot be ſo loſt as this! Yet here I am! I own I tremble and recoil; but it is with the dread that he ſhould plunge himſelf ſo deep in guilt as never more to riſe!

Poor Frank! Where art thou? How are thy wretched thoughts employed? Or art thou ſtill allowed to think? Art thou among the living? If thou art, what is thy ſtate! Thine is now the miſery of impotence, thou who haſt proved thyſelf ſo mighty in act! Thou wouldſt not ſtrike, thou wouldſt not injure; and yet thy foe would ſink before thee, had he not allied himſelf to perfidy, and had he but left thee free. His moſt ſecret machinations could not have withſtood thy ſearching ſpirit. Thou wouldſt have been

been here! Theſe bolts would have flown, theſe doors would have opened, and I ſhould have ſeen my ſaviour!

He hears me not! Nor thou, Louiſa! I am deſtitute of human aid!

Farewell, farewell! Ah! Farewell indeed; for I am talking to emptineſs and air!

Do I ſeem to ſpeak with bitterneſs of heart? Is there enmity in my words?—Surely I do not feel it! The ſpirit of benevolence and truth allows, nay commands me to hate the vice; but not its poor miſgoverned agents. They are wandering in the maze of miſtake. Ignorance and paſſion are their guides, and doubt and deſperation their tormentors.

tors. Alas! Rancour and revenge are their inmates; be kindneſs and charity mine.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER CXVIII.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

Brompton-Houſe.

I AM here—At the ſcene of action—ſhe is in the room above me, and I am ridding myſelf of reluctance; ſtringing my nerves for aſſault. I know not why this ſhould be neceſſary, but I feel that it is!

I am

I am waiting to queſtion Laura; but I ordered her to be in no haſte to come down, when ſhe heard me ring. I would not have my victim ſuſpect me to be here. I would come upon her by ſurpriſe, and not when ſhe was armed and prepared for repulſe. I will order the old woman to go preſently and open and ſhut the gate; as if ſhe were letting the perſon out, who came in when I rung.

I expect, nay am certain, her reſiſtance will be obſtinate—But unavailing!—I ſay unavailing!—Neither houſe nor road are near, and yet I could wiſh the ſcene were removed to the dark gloom of a foreſt; embofomed where none but tigers or hyenas ſhould liſten to her ſhrieks—

ſhrieks—I know they will be piercing;—Heart-rending!—But—!

I tell you, Fairfax, I have baniſhed all ſenſe of human pity from my boſom: it is an enemy to my purpoſe, and that muſt be!—Though the heavens ſhould ſhake and the earth open, it muſt!

Yet do not think, Fairfax, bent as I am on the full fruition of love and vengeance, I would uſe cruelty—Underſtand me: I mean wanton or unneceſſary brutality. I will be as forbearing as ſhe will permit. I fear ſhe will not ſuffer me to careſs her tenderly—But ſhe ſhall never ſleep in the arms of Henley!—She never ſhall!—I will make ſure of that! My mind is reconciled to all chances, that excepted.

As

As I paſſed, I called at the mad-houſe; where I found Mac Fane and the ſcowling keeper in high divan. They have been horribly alarmed. Henley has attempted an eſcape, which he was in danger of effecting; but he is brought back, after having led them a ſhort chaſe.

The apprehenſions of theſe ſcoundrels concerning future conſequences are very great, and ſwell almoſt to terror. They talked ſtrangely, aſked which way we were to get rid of him at laſt, and conceive him to be a dangerous enemy. Their thoughts ſeem tinged with dark lurkings, which they dare not own; and certainly dare not act, without my leave. Theſe fellows are all villainy! A league with demons would be leſs abominable!

—I muſt

—I muſt cloſe the account, and ſhake off ſuch peſtilential ſcoundrels!—

Laura comes! I will queſtion her a little, and then——!

Dover-Street.

I am returned, and am ſtill tormented by delay!—I cannot help it—I ſaid I would not uſe wilful cruelty: that were to heap unneceſſary damnation!

Laura began by ſoftening my heart with her narrative. Her angel miſtreſs is all reſignation, all kindneſs, all benevolence! She almoſt forgets herſelf, and laments only for me! This I could have withſtood; but ſhe has been brutally treated, by that intolerable bandog, Mac Fane, and his blood hounds. Fairfax,

ſax, how often have I gazed in rapture at the beauteous carnation of her complexion, the whiteneſs of her hands and arms, and the extreme delicacy of their texture! And now thoſe tempting arms, Laura tells me, nay, her legs too, are in twenty places disfigured and black, with the gripes and bruiſes ſhe received. Gibbets and racks overtake the wolf-hearted villains! Her ſhoulder is conſiderably hurt! It is inflamed, and, as ſhe acknowledges, very painful; yet ſhe does not utter a complaint!

Why did this heroic woman ever injure me? By what fatal influence am I become her foe? Her gentle kindneſs, her calm, unruffled, yet dignified patience I have experienced—Madman!—Idiot!—Have I not experienced her hatred

hatred too, her abhorrence? Did not her own lips pronounce the ſentence? And do I not know her? Will ſhe recede? And ſhall I?—Never!—Never!—No no—It muſt be.

But I did rightly. This was not the moment. There would have been ſomething barbarouſly mean, in making her exert the little ſtrength ſhe has with ſuch pain and peril.

I rode to Kenſington and procured her a lenitive, with which I returned. The purpoſe of vengeance excepted, I would feel as generouſly as herſelf; and even vengeance, did I know how, I would dignify—But do not ſurmiſe that I would retract!—No, by heaven! A thought ſo weak has never once entered my heart!

I am

I am reſtleſs, and muſt return—Till it be over, earth has no pleaſure for me; and after I am ſure it will have none. No—No—I have but this ſingle gleam of ſatisfaction! The light is going out; give me but one full blaze, and I ſhall then welcome total darkneſs!

C. CLIFTON.

LETTER CXIX.

COKE CLIFTON,

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover-Street.

FOR a few days after having ſecured my tormentors, I enjoyed ſomething like comparative eaſe: but the ugly imps that haunted me, in fiercer crowds again are ſwarming round me. I am too miſerable to exiſt in this ſtate; it muſt

muſt be ended. It is a turmoil that ſurpaſſes mortal ſufferance! If ſhe will wreſtle againſt fate, it is not my fault. I have no wiſh to practiſe more upon her than is neceſſary. But the thing muſt be.

Sleep I have none, reſt I have none, peace I have none. I get up and ſit down, walk out and come back, mutter imprecations unconſciouſly to myſelf, and turn the eyes of inſolent curioſity and ridiculous apprehenſion upon me in the ſtreet. A fellow has juſt now watched me home; deeming me a lunatic I ſuppoſe; for he had ſeen my agitation, and heard the curſes which I knew not were uttered aloud, till his impertinent obſervation of me brought it to my recollection.

But this ſhall not be! It ſhall end! Though I rend her heart-ſtrings for it, I will have eaſe! The evening approaches; my horſe is ordered and I will be gone. I will not, cannot endure this longer!

Brompton-Houſe.

I am here, and have talked with Laura. She owns ſhe is ſuſpected, and that her miſtreſs takes the key out of the bed-chamber door, when they go to reſt, and hides it: Laura by accident has diſcovered where. She puts it on the ledge behind the head of her bed, but within the reach of her arm.

This has ſuggeſted a thought: I will wait here till midnight and ſleep have

 lulled

lulled her apprehenſions. It will be better than facing her in the glare of day. Her eye, Fairfax, is terrible in her anger. It is too ſteady, too ſtrong in conſcious innocence to encounter. Darkneſs will give me courage, and her terror and deſpair. For it muſt come to that! It cannot otherwiſe be; and be it muſt! In the blaze of noon, when fortitude is awake and the heart beating high perhaps with reſentment, nothing but the goadings of deſpair could make me face her. The words ſhe would uſe would be terrible, but her looks would petrify!—By this ſtratagem I ſhall avoid them.

Nor do I bluſh to own my cowardice, in the preſence of Anna St. Ives: ſhe being armed with innocence and ſelf-ap-

probation; and I abaſhed by conſcious guilt, violence, and intentional deſtruction.

Why aye!—Let the thick ſwarth of night cover us! I feel, with a kind of horrid ſatisfaction, the deep damnation of the deed! It is the very colour and kind of ſin that becomes me; ſinning as I do againſt Anna St. Ives! With any other it would be boy's ſport; a thing to make a jeſt of after dinner; but with her it is rape, in all its wildeſt contortions, ſhrieks, and expiring groans!

I lie ſtretched on burning embers, and I have hours yet to wait. Oh that I were an idiot!—The night is one dead, dun gloom! It looks as if murrain, mildew, and contagion were abroad, hovering over earth and brooding plagues.

plagues. I will walk out awhile, among them—Will try to meet them—Would that my diſturbed imagination could but conjure up goblins, ſheeted ghoſts, heads wanting bodies, and hands dropping blood, and realize the legends of ignorance and infancy, ſo that I could freeze memory and forget the horrors by which I am haunted!

It draws near midnight—I am now in her apartment, the room next to her bed-chamber.

My orders have been obeyed: the old woman, pretending to lock up her priſoner, ſhot back the bolts, put down the chain, and left the door ready for me to enter unheard.

Laura has her inſtructions. She is to pretend only, but not really, to undreſs herſelf; and I bade her not lie down, leſt ſhe ſhould drop aſleep. When ſhe thinks it time, ſhe is to glide round, ſteal the key, and open the door.

I am fully prepared; am undreſſed, and ready for the combat. I have made a mighty ſacrifice! Youth, fortune, fame, all blaſted; life renounced, and infamy aſcertained! It is but juſt then that I ſhould have full enjoyment of the fleeting bliſs.

Surely this huſſy ſleeps? No!—I hear her

her ſtir!—She is at the door! And now—!

Heaven and hell are leagued againſt me, to fruſtrate my ſucceſs! Yet ſucceed I will in their deſpite—'Tis now broad day, and here I am, in the ſame chamber, encountered, reproved, ſcorned, frantic, and defeated!

As ſoon as I heard Laura with the key in the door, I put out the candles. She turned the lock, the door opened, and I ſprang forward. Blundering idiot as I was! I had forgotten to remove a chair, and tumbled over it. The terrified Anna was up and out of bed in an inſtant. The door opens inward to the bed-chamber. Her fear gave her

ſtrength; ſhe threw Laura away, and clapped to the door.

By this time I had riſen, and was at it. I ſet my ſhoulder to it with a ſudden effort, and again it half opened. I puſhed forward, but was repelled with more than equal oppoſition. My left arm in the ſtruggle got wedged in the door: the pain was exceſſive, and the ſtrength with which ſhe reſiſted me incredible. By a ſudden ſhock I releaſed my hand, but not without bruiſing it very much, and tearing away the ſkin.

My laſt effort was returned by one more than equal on her part. But I imagine ſhe had ſet her foot againſt ſomething which gave way, for ſhe ſuddenly

came

came down, with a blow and a ſound that made my heart ſhrink!

Still I endeavoured to profit by it, though not ſoon enough; for the firſt moment I was too much alarmed. She could not feel pain or blows, and roſe inſtantaneouſly. I forced the door ſome little way, and ſhe then gave a ſingle ſhriek!—It was a dreadful one—and was followed by a repulſe which I could not overcome. The door was cloſed, and like lightning locked. I then heard her begin to pant and heave for breath—After a few ſeconds ſhe exclaimed—Clifton! You are a bad man!.....A treacherous, wicked man, and are ſeeking your own deſtruction!.....I am your priſoner, but I fear you not!.....Mark me, Clifton: I fear you not!

I hesitated some time: at last I ventured to ask.....Are you hurt, madam?

I do not know! I do not care! I value no hurt you can do me! I am above harm from you!—Though you have recourse to perfidy and violence, yet I defy you! In darkness or in light, I defy you!

Let me intreat you, madam, to retire to rest.

No! I will stand here all night! I will not move!

Upon my honour, madam, upon my soul, I will molest you no more to night!

I tell you, man, I fear you not! Night or day, I fear you not!

I request, I humbly intreat you would

not

not expoſe yourſelf to the injuries of the night air, and the want of ſleep!

I will ſleep no more! I want no ſleep; I fear no injuries; not even thoſe you intend me!

Indeed, madam, you do not know the danger—

Mimic benevolence and virtue no more, Clifton! It is baſe in you! It is beneath a mind like yours!—You are a miſtaken man! Dreadfully miſtaken! You think me devoted, but I am ſafe. Unleſs you kill, you never can conquer me! Beware! Turn back! Deſtruction is gaping for you, if you proceed!

Need ſhe have told me this, Fairfax? Could

Could ſhe think I knew it not?——But ſhe too is miſtaken. Her courage is high, I grant, is admirable; and, were any other but I her opponent, as ſhe ſays, not to be conquered! I adore the noble qualities of her mind; but great though they are, when ſhe defies me ſhe over-rates them.

I own her warning was awful! My heart ſhrunk from it, and I retired; taking care that ſhe ſhould hear me as I went, that ſhe might be encouraged to go to reſt. My well-meant kindneſs was vain. She never did confide in me, and never can. I heard her call Laura, and order her to ſtrike a light, ſet an arm chair, and bring her clothes: after which I underſtood, from what I heard, that ſhe dreſſed herſelf and ſat down

down in it, with her back to the door, there waiting patiently till the morning.

How ſhe will behave, or what ſhe will ſay to Laura I cannot divine. Moſt probably ſhe will inſiſt on baniſhing her the apartment; for ſhe never gave ſervants much employment, and always doubted whether the keeping of them were not an immoral act, therefore is little in want of their aſſiſtance.

But let her diſcard this treacherous and now ineffective tool. I want her no more. I will not quit the houſe, Fairfax; I will neither eat nor ſleep, till I have put her to the trial which ſhe ſo raſhly defies! At her uncle's table ſhe defied me, and imagined ſhe had gazed me into cowardice. She knew me not:

it

it was but making vengeance doubly ſure. This experience ere now ſhould have taught her. Has ſhe eſcaped me? Is ſhe not here? Does ſhe not feel herſelf in the raviſher's arms? If not, a few hours only and ſhe ſhall!

Let her not be vain of this ſecond repulſe ſhe has given me; it ought to increaſe her terror, for it does but add to my deſpair. My diſtempered ſoul will take no medicine but one, and that muſt be adminiſtered; though more venomous than the ſting of ſcorpion or tooth of ſerpent, and more ſpeedy in diſſolution.

I left her room that ſhe might breakfaſt undiſturbed. There is ſomething admirably,

admirably, aſtoniſhingly firm, in the texture of her mind. Laura has been down, babbling to me all ſhe knew. At eight o'clock, when it had been light a full hour, Anna, after once or twice croſſing her chamber to conſider, turned the key and reſolutely opened the door; expecting by her manner, Laura ſays, to ſee me ruſh in; for ſhe threw it ſuddenly open, as if fearful it ſhould knock her down.

She walked out, looked ſteadfaſtly around, examined every part of the chamber, and after having convinced herſelf I was not there, ſat down to write at the table where not an hour before I had been ſeated. When the breakfaſt was brought, ſhe bade Laura take it away again; ſaying ſhe had no appetite;

appetite: but immediately recollecting herſelf, ejaculated—"Fie!—It is weak! "It is wrong!"—And added—"Stay, "Laura! Put it down again!"

She then, with a calm and determined ſedateneſs, began to ſerve herſelf and Laura; treating this perfidious woman [For no matter that I made her ſo, ſuch ſhe is.] with the ſame equanimity of temper and amenity as formerly. The miſtreſs ate, for ſhe was innocent and reſolved; but the maid could not, for ſhe was guilty and in a continual tremor. "Be pacified"—ſaid Anna to her—"Compoſe your thoughts, and take "your breakfaſt. I am much more "ſorry for than angry at the part you "have acted. You have done yourſelf "great injury, but me none: at leaſt, ſo

"I truſt,

"I truſt!——Be appeaſed and eat your "breakfaſt. Or, if you cannot eat with "me, go down and eat it in peace be-"low."

The benevolent ſuavity of this angel has made the light-minded huſſey half break her heart. Her penitential tears now flow in abundance; and ſhe has been officiouſly endeavouring to petition me not to harm ſo good, ſo forgiving, ſo heavenly a young lady! I begin to fear ſhe would willingly be a traitor next to me, and endeavour to open the doors for her miſtreſs. But that I will prevent. I will not quit the houſe till all is over! I have ſaid it, Fairfax!

I will then immediately ſet Henley free, tell him where ſhe is, where I am

to be found, and leave him to ſeek his own mode of vengeance! Should he reſort to the paltry refuge of law, I own that then I would elude purſuit. But ſhould the ſpirit of man ſtir within him, and ſhould he dare me to contention, I would fly to meet him in the mortal ſtrife! He is worthy of my arm, and I would ſhew how worthy I am to be his oppoſite!

It is now noon, and Laura has again been with me, repeating the ſame ſtory, with additions and improvements. Anna has been talking to her, and has made a deep impreſſion upon her. She is all penitence and petition, and is exceedingly

ingly troubleſome, with her whining, her tears, and her importunity, which I have found it difficult to ſilence.

I learn from her own account ſhe has owned all, and betrayed all ſhe knew; and Anna has been telling her that ſhe, and I, and all ſuch ſinners however deep and deadly, ought to be pitied, counſelled, and reformed; and that our errors only ought to be treated with contempt, diſdain, and hatred. She has talked to her in the moſt gentle, ſoothing, and ſympathetic manner; till the fool's heart is ready to burſt.

Anna has drawn a picture of my ſtate of mind which has terrified her—And ſo it ought!——She has been ſobbing, kneeling, and praying, for my ſake, for Anna's ſake, for God's ſake to be merciful,

ciful, and do no more miſchief! "Her "miſtreſs is an angel and not a wo-"man!"—Why true!—"Never had a "young lady ſo forgiving, ſo kind, and "ſo courageous a heart!"—True a-gain!—"But it is impoſſible, if I ſhould "be ſo wicked as to lay violent hands "upon her, for her not to ſink, and lie "for mercy at my feet."—Once more true, true!—

Mercy!—I have it not, know it not, nor can know! She herſelf has baniſhed it, from my breaſt and from her own: at leaſt the mercy I would aſk——For could it be—? Were there not a Hen-ley—? No, no!—There is one wide deſtruction for us all! I am on the brink, and they muſt down with me!—Have they not placed me there? Are they

they not now pulling me, weighing me, ſinking me?

This is the moment in which I would conjure up all the wrongs, inſults, contempts, and defiances ſhe has heaped upon me——What need I?——They come unbidden!——And now for the laſt act of the tragedy!

I have kept my word, Fairfax: I have been, have faced her, have——! You ſhall hear! I will faithfully paint all that paſſed. I will do her juſtice, and in this ſhew ſome ſparks of magnanimity of which perhaps ſhe does not think me capable—No matter—

It was neceſſary the temper of my mind ſhould be wound up to its higheſt pitch,

pitch, before I could approach her. I ruſhed up ſtairs, made the bolts fly, and the lock ſtart back. Yet the moment the door opened, I heſitated—

However, I ſhook myſelf with indignation, entered, and ſaw her ſtanding firmly in the middle of the apartment, ready to aſſert the bold defiance ſhe had given me. The fixed reſolution of her form, the evident fortitude of her ſoul, and the ſteadfaſt encounter of her eye, were diſcomfiting. Like a coward I ſtood I cannot tell how long, not knowing what to ſay, ſhe looking full upon me, examining my heart, and putting thought to the rack. Benignant as ſhe is, at ſuch onſets of the ſoul ſhe feels no mercy.

Self-reſentment at the tame creſt-

fallen

fallen countenance I wore at laſt produced an effort, and I ſtammered out—Madam—

Her only anſwer was a look——I endeavoured to meet her eye, but in vain.

I continued.—From my preſent manner you will perceive, madam, I am conſcious of the advantage you have over me; and that my own heart does not entirely approve all I have done.

I ſee ſomething of your confuſion—I wiſh I ſaw more.

But neither can it forget its injuries!

What are they?

The time was when I met you with joy, addreſſed you with delight, and

gazed on you with rapture!—Nay I gaze ſo ſtill!

Poor, weak man!

Yes, madam, I know how much you deſpiſe me! A thouſand repeated wrongs inform me of it: they have riſen, one over another, in mountainous oppreſſion to my heart, till it could endure no more.

Feeble, miſtaken man!

In thoſe happy days when I approached you firſt, my thoughts were loyal, my means were honeſt, and my intentions pure.

Pure?

Yes, madam, pure.

You never yet knew what purity meant!

I came

I came void of guile, with an open and honourable offer of my heart. I made no difficulties, felt no ſcruples, harboured no ſuſpicions. In return for which I was doubted, catechiſed, chidden, trifled with, and inſulted. When I hoped for ſympathy I met rebuke; and, while my affections glowed admiration yours retorted contempt. Your heart was prepoſſeſſed: it had no room for me: it excluded me, ſcorned me, and at the firſt opportunity avowed its hatred.

Go on!——Neither your miſtakes, your accuſations, nor your anger ſhall move me—I pity your errors. Continue to aſcribe that to my injuſtice, or to a worſe motive, if a worſe you can find, which was the proper fruit of your

iraſcible and vindictive temper. Reconcile your own actions to your own heart, if you can; and prove to yourſelf I merit the perfidy, aſſault, and impriſonment you have practiſed upon me: as well as the miſchief which I have every reaſon to ſuppoſe you intend.

Then, madam, avoid it! Spare both yourſelf and me the violence you forebode?

What! Sink before unruly paſſion? Stand in awe of vice? Willingly adminiſter to ſhameleſs appetites, and a malignant ſpirit of revenge?——Never, while I have life!

Stop!—Beware!—I am not maſter of my own affections! I am in a ſtate little ſhort of phrenſy!—Be the means fair or foul, mine you ſhall be—The de-

crees of Fate are not more fixed—I have ſworn it, and though fire from Heaven waited to devour me, I will keep my oath!—Could you even yet but think of me as perhaps I deſerve—! I ſay, could you, madam—

I cannot will not marry you! Nothing you can ſay, nothing you can threaten, nothing you can act, ſhall make me!

Be leſs haſty in your contempt!—Fear me not!——Scorn for ſcorn, injury for injury, and hate for hate!

I hate only your errors! I ſcorn nothing but vice—On the virtues of which a mind like yours is capable my ſoul would dilate with ecſtaſy, and my heart would doat! But you have ſold yourſelf to crookedneſs! Baſe threats, un-

manly terrors, and brute violence are your deſpicable engines!—Wretched man! They are impotent!—They turn upon yourſelf; me they cannot harm! —I am above you!

I care not for myſelf—I have already ſecured infamy—I have paid the price and will enjoy the forfeiture—Had you treated me with the generous ardent love I ſo early felt for you, all had been well—I the happieſt of men, and you the firſt of women! But your own injuſtice has dug the pit into which we muſt all down—It is wide and welcome ruin!——Even now, contemned as I have been, ſcorned as I am, I would fain uſe lenity and feel kindneſs. I will take retribution—no power ſhall prevent me—but I would take it tenderly.

Oh

Oh ſhame upon you, man!—Tenderly?—Can the miſchief and the miſery in which you have involved yourſelf and ſo many others, can treachery, brutal force, bruiſes, impriſonment, and rape be coupled with tenderneſs? If you have any ſpark of noble feeling yet remaining in your heart, cheriſh it: but if not, ſpeak truth to yourſelf! Do not attempt to varniſh ſuch foul and deteſtable guilt with fair words!

I would adviſe, not varniſh! What I have done I have done—I know my doom—I am already branded! Opprobrium has ſet her indelible mark upon me! I am indexed to all eternity!

You miſtake, Clifton!—Beware!—You miſtake! You miſtake! [It is impoſſible to imagine, Fairfax, the energy

with which theſe exclamations burſt from her—It was a fleeting but falſe cordial to my heart.] Of all your errors that is the moſt fatal! Whatever rooted prejudices or unjuſt laws may aſſert to the contrary, we are accountable only for what we do, not for what we have done. Clifton beware! Mark me—I owe you no enmity for the paſt: I combat only with the preſent.

Do not delude me with ſhadows. Bring your doctrine to the teſt: if you bear me no enmity, if what I have done can be forgotten, and what I would do—! Madam—!—Anna—!—Once more, and for the laſt time—take me!

It cannot be!—It cannot be!

Then, ſince you will ſhew no mercy, expect none.

Your

Your menaces are vain, man! I tell you again I do not fear you! I will beg no pity from you—I dare endure more than you dare inflict!

I am not to be braved from my purpoſe! The baſis of nature is not more unſhaken! High as your courage is, you will find a ſpirit in me that can mount ſtill higher!

Courage? Oh ſhame! Name it not! Where was your courage when you decoyed my defender from me? The man you durſt not face?—Where is he?—What have you done with him?—Laura has given you my letter—Should your practices have reached his life!—But no! It cannot be! An act ſo very vile as that not even the errors of your mind could reach!—Courage?—Even

me you durſt not face in freedom! Your courage employed a band of ruffians againſt me, ſingly; a woman too, over whom your manly valour would tower! But there is no ſuch mighty difference as prejudice ſuppoſes. Courage has neither ſex nor form: it is an energy of mind, of which your baſe proceedings ſhew I have infinitely the moſt. This bids me ſtand firm, and meet your worſt daring undauntedly! This be aſſured will make me the victor! I tell you, man, it places me above you!

Urge me no more!—Beware of me! You have driven me mad! Do not tempt a deſperate man! Reſiſtance will be deſtruction to you, no matter that to me it be perdition! My account is cloſed,

cloſed, and I am reconciled to ruin!—You ſhall be mine!—Though hell gape for me you ſhall be mine!—Once more beware! I warn you not to contend!

Why, man, what would you do? Is murder your intent?—While I have life I fear you not!—And think you that brutality can taint the dead? Nay, think you that, were you endowed with the ſuperior force which the vain name of man ſuppoſes, and could accompliſh the baſeſt purpoſe of your heart, I would falſely take guilt to myſelf; or imagine I had received the ſmalleſt blemiſh, from impurity which never reached my mind? That I would lament, or ſhun the world, or walk in open day oppreſſed by ſhame I did not merit? No!—For you perhaps I might weep,

but for myſelf I would not ſhed a tear! Not a tear!—You cannot injure me—I am above you!—If you mean to deal me blows or death, here I ſtand ready to ſuffer: but till I am dead, or ſenſeleſs, I defy you to do me harm!—Bethink you, Clifton! I ſee the ſtruggles of your ſoul: there is virtue among them. Your eye ſpeaks the reluctance of your hand. Your heart ſpurns at the miſchief your paſſions would perpetrate!—Remember—Unleſs you have recourſe to ſome malignant, ſome cruel, ſome abominable means, you never ſhall accompliſh ſo baſe a purpoſe!—But you cannot be ſo guilty, Clifton!—You cannot!—I know not by what perverſe fatality you have been miſled, for you have a mind fitted for the ſublimeſt ema-

nations

nations of virtue!—No, you cannot!—There is ſomething within you that lays too ſtrong a hand upon you! Malice ſo black is beyond you! Your very ſoul abhors its own guilt, and is therefore driven frantic!—Oh, Clifton! You that were born to be the champion of truth, the inſtructor of error, and the glory of the earth!—My heart yearns over you—Awake!—Riſe!—Be a man!

Divine, angelic creature!—Fool, madman, villain!

With theſe exclamations I inſtantly burſt from the chamber—Conviction, aſtoniſhment, remorſe, tenderneſs, all the paſſions that could ſubdue the human ſoul ruſhed upon me, till I could ſupport no more.

Of

Of all the creatures God ever formed ſhe is the moſt wonderful!—I have repeated ſomething like her words; but had you ſeen her geſtures, her countenance, her eye, her glowing indignant fortitude at one moment, and her kindling comprehenſive benevolence the next, like me you would have felt an irreſiſtible impulſe to catch ſome ſpark of a flame ſo heavenly!

And now what is to be done? I am torn by contending paſſions!—If I releaſe her there is an end to all; except to my diſgrace, which will be everlaſting—Give her to the arms of Henley?

ley?—I cannot bear it, Fairfax!—I cannot bear it!—Death, racks, infamy itſelf to ſuch a thought were infinitude of bliſs!

What can I do? She ſays truly: conqueſt over her, by any but brutal means, is impoſſible——Shall I be brutal?—And more brutal even than my own ruffian agents?

She has magnanimity—But what have thoſe cyphers of beings who call themſelves her relations? Shall they mount the dunghill of their vanity, clap their wings, and exult, as if they too had conquered a Clifton? Even the villain Mac Fane would not fail to ſcout at me! Nay the very go-between, the convenient chambermaid herſelf, forgetting the lightneſs of her own heels, would bleſs herſelf

herſelf and claim her ſhare in the miraculous virtue of the ſex! What! Become the ſcoff of the tea-table, the bugbear of the bed-chamber, and the ſtanding jeſt of the tavern?—I will return this inſtant, Fairfax, and put her boaſted ſtrength and courage to the proof—Madneſs!—I forget that nothing leſs than depriving her of ſenſe can be effectual. She knows her ſtrong hold: victory never yet was gained by man, ſingly, over woman, who was not willing to be vanquiſhed.

I will not yield her up, Fairfax!—She never ſhall be Henley's!—Again and again ſhe never ſhall!—I dared not meet him!—So ſhe told me!—Ha!—Dare not?—I will ſtill deviſe a means—I will have my revenge!—This vaunted

Henley

Henley then ſhall know how much I dare!——I will conquer!—Should I be obliged to come like Jove to Semele, in flames, and ſhould we both be reduced to aſhes ~~in the conflict~~, I will enjoy her!—Let one urn hold our duſt; and when the fire has purified it of its angry and oppoſing particles, perhaps it may mingle in peace.

C. CLIFTON.

LET-

LETTER CXX.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover Street.

IT ſhall not be!—She ſhall not eſcape me thus!—I will not endure this inſufferable, this contemptible recantation of my wrongs! Fear is beneath me, and what have I to hope? I have made miſery certain! I have paid the price of deſtruction,

deſtruction, and will hug it to my heart! I know how often I have prevaricated, and have loitered with revenge; but I have not loſt the flame: it burns ſtill, and never ſhall expire!

The night at Brompton, though a night of ſtorms and evil augury, was heaven to the one I have juſt paſſed. Sleep and reſt have forſaken me. 'Tis long ſince I cloſed my eyes; I know not indeed when; but laſt night I did not attempt it. I traverſed my room, opened my windows, ſhut them again, liſtened to the diſcontented monotony of the watchman without hearing him, thought over my never-forgotten injuries, my vengeance, and all the deſolation that is to follow, and having ended began again!

There

There were ſhrieks and cries of murder in the ſtreet, about midnight; and this was the only muſic by which I remember to have been rouſed. But it was momentary. My reveries returned, and ſcenes of horror roſe, more ſwarming, dun, and ghaſtly!

My waking dreams are eternal—Well, ſo I would have them!—They prolong revenge!—I would have him by the throat for ages!—Him!—Henley!—Would grapple with him; would ſtab and be ſtabbed; not in the fictions of a torturing fancy, but arm to arm, ſteel to ſteel, poiſon to poiſon! Ay, did I not know he would refuſe my fair challenge, hero though he be and caſed in innocence, I would inſtantly fly to let him

looſe

loose upon me, that I might turn and tear him!—

Why that were delectable!—And can it not be?....Can no sufferings move, no wrongs provoke, no taunts stir him to resentment? Is he God, or is he man? To me he is demon, legion, and has possessed me wholly!

Liar that I am! How came I to forget the beauteous sorceress with whom I found him leagued? I have heard them called angels of light; but I have known them only fiends! They goad me with their virtues, mock at my phrensy, defy my rage; and though surrounded by rape, destruction, and despair, sleep and smile, while I wake and howl!

In-

Injury and inſult are buſy with me! This ſiſter of mine is in town at Sir Arthur's. As ſhe has made the journey I may expect a viſit from her ſoon: but ſhe ſhall find no admiſſion here. I want no more tormentors!

As I foreboded, ſhe has juſt been, and has behaved in character. She would take no denial from the valet; he was but an infant to the Amazon; ſhe would herſelf ſee if I were at home, and in ſhe came. The fellow does not want cunning, and he ran up ſtairs before her, and called out aloud, purpoſely for me to hear—"You may ſee, "madam, if you pleaſe; the door is

" locked, and my maſter has taken the
" key with him."

He knew I was determined not to ſee her, and while he deſignedly made all the clatter he could, and placed himſelf before the entrance, I took the means he had deviſed. She came, turned him aſide, examined the door, puſhed violently againſt it, and I believe would willingly have broken it open; but finding her good intentions, I ſet my ſhoulder to the panel, taking care not to impede the light through the keyhole, which my valet tells me was inſpected by her. She ruminated a few ſeconds and then went away; incredulous and high in indignation

Well!—I ſought for warfare, and it has found me. My former encounters

it

it ſeems were but the ſkirmiſhes of a partiſan: this is a deadly and deciſive battle!

It is now five o'clock, and I have had a ſtirring morning. So much the better; action is relief. A meſſage came to me from Lord Fitz-Allen, deſiring to ſpeak with me. I had an inclination not to have gone; but reflecting further I determined to obey his ſummons.

However, when I ſent up my name, I deſired to know if my ſiſter were there; and was anſwered in the negative. I then made my bow to his lordſhip, taking care to inform him that my ſiſter behaved with great impropriety, and that I was reſolved not to ſee her, leſt I too ſhould forget that reſpect due to my family

family and myſelf which ſhe had violated. The peer began with circumlocutory hints concerning the elopement—"An unaccountable affair!—No tidings had yet arrived!—Surmiſes and rumours of a very ſtrange and diſhonourable nature were whiſpered!—Miſchief, rape, nay even murder were dreaded!"

I refuſed to interpret any of theſe inſinuations as applicable to myſelf. At laſt his lordſhip, after many efforts, ſaid he had a favour to beg of me, which he hoped I ſhould not think unreaſonable. I deſired him to inform me what this favour was; and put ſome firmneſs in my manner, that his lordſhip might ſee I was not in a temper to ſuffer an inſult.

He anſwered, for his own part, he had no doubts: he knew my family, and had always affirmed I could not act unworthy of the gentleman. But, for the peace of mind of Sir Arthur and the other relations of the young lady, he would eſteem it an obligation done to him, if I would declare, upon my honour, that I knew nothing of her elopement; of the place ſhe has been conveyed to, or where ſhe is at preſent.

I then retorted upon his lordſhip, that the preface to this requeſt entirely precluded compliance; that thoſe who whiſpered and ſpread ſurmiſes, and rumours, muſt be anſwerable for the conſequences of their own officiouſneſs; and that with reſpect to myſelf, I ſhould cer-

certainly, under ſuch circumſtances, refuſe to anſwer to interrogatories.

My tone was not very conciliatory, and his lordſhip knew not whether to be angry or pleaſed. But while he was pondering I thought proper to make my exit; and leave him to ſettle the conteſt between his pride and his puerility as well as he was able.

At my return I found a letter from my ſiſter, which I will neither anſwer nor open. I have my fill of fury, and want no more!

Damnation on their inſolence! They have been making application to the office at Bow-Street! A requeſt has juſt been ſent me, a very ſoft and civil one

it is true, from the ſitting magiſtrate, that I would do him the honour to come and ſpeak a word with him, on an affair that concerned a very great and reſpectable family. I returned for anſwer that I was engaged, and that I ſhould notice no ſuch meſſages: but that if any man, great or ſmall, had to complain of me, the law underſtood its duty, and that I ſhould be readily found at all times.

Whether this be the motion of my ſuperb and zealous ſiſter, or of the arrogant peer, is more than I can divine. But I ſhall know ſome day, and ſhall then perhaps ſtrike a balance.

I have no doubt that emiſſaries and ſcouts are abroad, and that I am watched. I was this evening to have met Mac Fane at the Shakeſpeare; but I

will not go. Yet as it is pay night, the hungry ſcoundrel muſt not be diſappointed. I will therefore write a note to him, and invite him to come and ſup with me. He will be an agreeable companion! But even his company is better, at this moment, than ſolitude.

I will not let my ſervant carry the note directly to him; for if they have their ſpies in the field, that might be dangerous. He ſhall take it to the Mount coffee-houſe, and there get a chairman to convey it in ſafety. I will tell Mac Fane likewiſe to come through the ſhop door; for I am only in lodgings; and to ſtep immediately out of a hackney-coach. I laugh at their counterplots, and wiſh I had nothing more to diſturb me than the fear of being

detected by any exertion of their cunning, even though my kind ſiſter be appointed their commander in chief.

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. They might have ſerved the cauſe in which they have engaged more effectually, had their proceedings been leſs violent and offenſive. They do but nerve me in reſolution. The leſs public they had made the affair the more they would have ſhewn their generalſhip. If they be thus determined to brand me, can they ſuppoſe that my vengeance ſhall not outſtrip theirs? I own I am perplexed about the means—Invention fails me! I have debated whether I ſhould call in the aid of Mac Fane; but the idea is too deteſtable!—

No!

No! I would rather take a pair of piſtols, and diſpatch her firſt and myſelf next, than expoſe her beauties to ſuch ruffian deſpicable raſcals!—Beſide I would have her will concerned—And how to conquer that?—I ſhall be driven, I foreſee I ſhall, to ſome unheard-of act of deſperation!—Drugs are a mean a pitiful expedient: not to mention that ſhe is aware of them, and uſes a kind of caution which it would be difficult to overcome. She reſerves the meal of one day for the next, after having ſuffered Laura to eat her part; ſo that inanity, ſleep or other effects, if produced, would firſt appear in the maid. This perhaps is one of the reaſons by which ſhe is induced ſtill to keep her: and were ſhe removed, and could ſuſpect it were for

this purpoſe, I am convinced ſhe would eat no more—No!—She muſt be fairly told the deep deſpair of my mind! and if that will not move her, why then—Death!

LET-

LETTER CXXI.

LOUISA CLIFTON

TO HER BROTHER

COKE CLIFTON.

Grosvenor-Street.

WHERE is Anna St. Ives?—Where is my friend? Where is the youth to whom you owe existence?—Man of revenge, answer me! Oh God! O God!—Is it possible?—Can it be that you, Coke Clifton, the son

of my mother, the hoped for friend of my heart, the expected champion of virtue, can turn aside to such base and pitiful vice; such intolerable, such absurd, such deep hypocrisy? And why? What cause? Is this the reward of their uncommon virtues?

And you, Oh man! Did they not labour hourly, incessantly, with the purity of saints and the ardour of angels, to do you good? Was it not their sole employment; their first duty, and their dearest hope? Did they ever deviate? Did they not return urbanity for arrogance, kindness for contempt, and life for blows?—Can you, Clifton, dare you be thus wicked? And will you persist?—

If you have brought them to harm, if

if your practices have reached their lives, earth does not contain ſo foul, ſo wicked a monſter!—

Surely this cannot be! Surely you have ſome drop of mother's blood in you, and cannot be actuated by a ſpirit ſo wholly demon!

What ſhall I do? What ſhall I ſay? How ſhall I awaken a ſoul ſo ſteeped in iniquity, ſo dead to excellence, ſo obſtinate in ill?—Clifton!—You were not formed for this! You have a mind that might have been the fit companion of divine natures!—It may be ſtill!—Awake! View the light, and turn from crimes, pollution, and abhorrence, to virtue, love, and truth!

Know you not the beaming charity of

her whom you perſecute, if—Oh God!—Surely this is vain terror! Surely Anna St. Ives is ſtill among the living!—

Clifton, once again I ſay, remember the untainted benevolence of her ſoul! Is it, can it be forgotten by you? Which of your good qualities was ever forgotten by her? Hear her deſcribe them in her own language!*

* Here follow numerous extracts from the letters of Anna St. Ives; all expreſſive of the high qualities and powers of Mr. Clifton, of the delight they gave her, and the hopes they inſpired. They are omitted here, becauſe it is probable they are freſh in the reader's memory: if not, it will be eaſy to turn to Anna's letters; particularly to letters XXIV. XXXI. XXXVIII. XLV. LVI. LXIII. LXVIII. LXXVIII. LXXIX. LXXXII. CVIII.

Theſe

Theſe are a few of the commendations with which her deſcriptions abound. Commendations of you, oh man of miſchief and miſtake! They are quotations from her letters. Read them; remember them; think on all ſhe has done for you, all ſhe has ſaid to you, and all you have made her ſuffer!

What ſhall I ſay? My fears are infinite, my hopes few, my anguiſh intolerable!—For the love of God, brother, do not rob the world of two people who were born to be its light and pride! Do not be this diabolic inſtrument of paſſion and error! If they ſtill have being, reſtore them to the human race.—You know not the wrong you do!

do!—'Tis heinous, 'tis hateful wickedneſs! Can a mind like yours feel no momentary remorſe, no glow of returning virtue, no ſudden reſolution to perform a great and glorious act of juſtice on yourſelf?

If you value your ſoul's peace, hear me! Awake from this guilty dream, and be once more the brother of the agonizing

L. CLIFTON.

LET-

LETTER CXXII.

LOUISA CLIFTON.

TO

MRS. WENBOURNE.

Grosvenor-Street.

DEAR MADAM

YOU have been kindly pleased to request I would give you some account of the means we are pursuing, in hopes to obtain traces that should lead to a discovery of the very strange affair by which

which we are all perplexed and afflicted. I am ſorry to ſay that I can do little more than narrate the diſtreſs of the various parties, who think themſelves intereſted in the loſs of the dear friend of my heart, and of the youth ſo well worthy of her affections.

Of the grief of Sir Arthur, madam, you have yourſelf been a witneſs: nor does it ſeem to abate. I ſhould wonder indeed if it could; for though I wiſh to cheriſh hope, I own that the ſecrecy and ſilence with which this black ſtratagem has been carried into effect are truly terrifying.

Highly as I eſteem and reverence the virtues of young Mr. Henley, I have been free enough to own to you, madam, I never was any admirer of the qualities

and

and proceedings of his father. Juſtice however obliges me to ſay that he at preſent expreſſes a regret ſo deep, for the loſs of his ſon, as to prove that he has a conſiderable ſenſe of his worth. Money has been the ſole object of his efforts: yet, though his ſon had ſo great a ſum in his poſſeſſion at the time he diſappeared, he ſeems to think but little of the money, compared to the loſs which is indeed ſo infinitely more deplorable.

While I live I ſhall love and eſteem Mrs. Clarke, and her niece Peggy; whoſe kind hearts overflow with affection, both for my Anna St. Ives and young Mr. Henley. Well indeed may Peggy remember poor Frank. He was her ſaviour in the hour of her diſtreſs.

diſtreſs. She takes no reſt herſelf, nor will ſhe ſuffer her huſband or her brother to take any. They are all continually on the watch; and to do the men juſtice, they do not need a ſpur.

Mr. Webb, her brother, with whoſe unfortunate hiſtory I ſuppoſe you are acquainted, gives proofs of zeal which are very affecting. The tears have frequently guſhed from me, at ſeeing the virtuous anxiety of his mind, and at recollecting what that mind was, how and by whom it was preſerved, and that its whole activity is now exerted, with the ſtrong and cheering hope of returning ſome portion of the good it has received!

I know, madam, how great your ſorrow

row muſt be, as well as that of all the once happy relations of a young lady of endowments and virtues ſo rare. Yet deep as this ſorrow is, I think it ſcarcely can exceed the anguiſh I feel; convinced as I am that my miſtaken, my unhappy brother is the cauſe of this much dreaded miſery.

I told you, madam, I would go to him. I have been, and could gain no admiſſion. I have written; and have received no anſwer. Theſe circumſtances, added to the perturbation of mind which was ſo diſcoverable in him when he was laſt at Roſe-Bank, do but confirm my fears of his guilt.

But as it becomes us to act, and not to lament, while there is any poſſibility that

that action ſhould give us relief, I joined Mr. Abimelech Henley in his opinion, that we ought to apply to the civil power for redreſs. We firſt indeed prevailed on Lord Fitz-Allen to ſpeak to Mr. Clifton; but it was to no purpoſe: my brother behaved, as I propheſied he would, with diſdainful ſilence. I own I had ſome hopes that my letter would have touched his heart: I am ſorry to find they were ſo ill-founded.

Mr. Clifton having refuſed even to deny his knowledge of the affair to his Lordſhip, he conſented that application ſhould be made to a civil magiſtrate. But Lord Fitz-Allen is ſtrangely prejudiced, and is perſuaded, or affects to be, that Mr. Clifton, being a gentleman, is incapable

incapable of a diſhonourable act; and that young Mr. Henley and Anna St. Ives have eloped. The ſum of money Mr. Henley had in his poſſeſſion confirms him in this opinion: and he has ſeveral times half perſuaded Sir Arthur, and ſome others, to be of his ſentiments.

Hearing this, and finding no poſitive accuſation, and that nothing but ſurmiſe could be preferred againſt Mr. Clifton, whoſe character was underſtood to be highly vindictive, the magiſtrate refuſed to do any thing more than ſend a polite requeſt, that he would come and ſpeak in his preſence to the parties concerned.

My brother refuſed in terms of menace and defiance; and we returned home

home hopeleſs; yet again having recourſe to watching the door of my brother's lodgings, as has been done for theſe ſeveral days. But we have learnt nothing. And what indeed can we learn? Mr. Webb and his brother-in-law have twice followed him on foot, to the livery ſtables; and have ſeen him mount his horſe, and ride out of town: but the ſpeed with which he went quickly took him out of ſight.

The roads he choſe were in oppoſite directions: but that they might eaſily be, and yet lead to the ſame place. They are out at preſent; for their induſtry is unwearied.

It is in vain to think of purſuing my brother on horſeback; for he muſt infallibly ſee his purſuer. He went one time

over Weſtminſter-bridge, and the other through Tyburn-turnpike up to Paddington. Their preſent project is, the firſt time he goes out, to waylay both theſe roads, and to get aſſiſtants. Mr. Webb is a ſwift runner: but the chance of ſucceſs I am afraid is very ſmall indeed! However it becomes them, and us, and indeed every body, not to deſiſt, till the whole of this dark tranſaction be brought to light.

I am, madam, &c.

L. CLIFTON.

LET-

LETTER CXXIII.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover-Street.

WHY ay! He who opens the flood-gates of miſchief is neceſſarily in moſt danger of being ſwept away by the torrent!——I have drunken deeply of ruin, and ſoon ſhall have my fill!

You warned me to beware of this raven: you told me he ſcented carrion!—

rion!—I laughed at your prophecy!—It is fulfilled!—I am a gull!—The fleeced, cheated, deſpicable gull of the infernal villain Mac Fane!

It was right that I ſhould be loaded with every ſpecies of contempt for myſelf. I have been the fool, the gudgeon, the ineffable aſs to loſe a ſum of money to him, which to pay would be deſtruction!—I begin to hate myſelf with moſt ſtrange inveteracy! Could I meet ſuch another fellow, I would ſpit in his face—Fairfax, it is true—By hell I hold myſelf in moſt rooted and ample antipathy!

I find I have ſtrangely miſtaken my own character and talents——I once thought to have driven the world before

me, and to have whipped oppoſition into immediate compliance: but it ſeems I am myſelf one of the very ſorry wretches at whom I was ſo all alive and ready to gibe, and ſpurn! Theſe are odd and unaccountable things! And it appears that I am a very poor creature! A moſt indubitable driveller! The twin-brother of imbecility! Ay, the counterpart and compeer of Edward St. Ives, and the tool of the moſt barefaced of cheats, as well as his familiar!—— Well! I have lived long enough to make the diſcovery; and it is now high time to depart!

I wrote to you but yeſterday: but events haſtily tread on each other's heels, and if I do not relate them now I never ſhall.

ſhall. I told you I expected the gambler to ſupper, by my own invitation—Ay, ay!—I am a very Solomon!—

I dined at home. I knew not indeed to what extremes the St. Ives hunters might proceed: or whether they would make accuſation upon oath, ſufficient to authoriſe a magiſtrate in granting a warrant, to bring me before him; but the attempt muſt have been impotent and abortive, I therefore determined to brave them: however I heard no more of them or their ſuſpicions.

As I ſat ruminating on paſt events, on my ſiſter and her epiſtle, and particularly on the zeal with which Anna St. Ives appealed to the letter written

by her, which I had received from Laura, my curioſity was ſo far excited that at laſt I determined to read them both. I own, Fairfax, they both moved me!—This ſiſter of mine, enraged as I am againſt her, has ſomehow found the art of making herſelf reſpected. Her zeal has character and efficacy in it: I mean perſuaſion. I could not reſiſt ſome of the ſenſations ſhe intended to inſpire. She cited paſſages from the letters of her friend that were daggers to me! At the very time I was ſeeking to quarrel with Anna, ſhe angel-like was inceſſant in my praiſe!—And ſuch praiſes, Fairfax—! There was no reſiſting it!—She thought generouſly, nobly, ay ſublimely of me: while

my iraſcible jealouſy, falſe pride, and vindictive ſpirit were eager only to find cauſe of offence!

And yet I know not!—I cannot keep my mind to a point! Surely *I had cauſe of offence:* real cauſe?—Surely the retribution I ſought had juſtice in it?—She could not be wholly blameleſs?—No!—That would indeed be diſtraction!

I then ventured to read the letter of Anna—On paper or in ſpeech ſhe is the ſame: energetic, awful, and affecting!

While I was reading this laſt Mac Fane entered, and ſoon put an end to my meditations. Did I tell you I had been fool enough to invite him to ſupper?——He had not been with me half an hour before I was moſt intolerably weary of his company!

After having vapoured of the feats of himſelf and the ſcowling râſcal his colleague, to remind me of my high obligations to them, and talking as uſual with moſt bitter malevolence againſt Henley, he ſoon began to deſcant on the old ſubject; gaming——To aſk a madman why he is mad were vain! I was importuned by his jargon—"He "had been pigeoned only laſt night of "no leſs than ſeven hundred pounds!" Repetitions, imprecations, and lies, all of the ſame kind, ſucceeded as faſt as he could utter them!

I know all this ought to have put me upon my guard; and I know too that it did not. I believe I had ſome lurking vanity in my mind; a perſuaſion that I could beat him at picquet. I was

weary

weary both of myſelf and him; was primed for miſchief, and cared not of what kind. If you aſk me for any better reaſon, why, knowing him as I did, I ſuffered myſelf to be the tool of this fellow, I can only ſay I have none to give!

I ordered my own ſervant to fetch half a dozen packs of cards, and imagined this precaution was ſome ſecurity. What will not men imagine, when their paſſions are afloat and reaſon is flown?

To give you the hiſtory of how I was led on, from one act of idiotiſm to another, or how after having loſt one thouſand I could be lunatic enough to loſe a ſecond, and after a ſecond a third, and ſo on to a tenth, is more than my preſent temper of mind will permit. It is

quite ſufficient to tell you that I have ruined myſelf; and that there is not, upon the face of the earth, a fellow I ſo thoroughly deſpiſe as Coke Clifton; no not even Mac Fane himſelf! Below the loweſt am I fallen; for I am his dupe, nay his companion, and what is worſe his debtor! It is time I were out of the world—So miſerable a being does not crawl upon its ſurface.

It is the very heyday of miſchief, and I muſt abroad among it. The exact manner of the cataſtrophe I cannot foreſee, but it muſt be tragical. I have ſomething brooding in my mind, the outlines of a concluſion, which rather pleaſes me. I have ſworn to avenge myſelf of Anna, diſinherit my ſiſter, and never to pay Mac Fane. Theſe oaths muſt

muſt be kept. Anna muſt fall! If ſhe will but deign to live afterward, ſhe ſhall be my heir. And for myſelf, I know how to find a ready quietus!

My mind ſince this laſt affair is better reconciled to its deſtiny, and even leſs diſturbed than before: for previous to this, there ſeemed to be ſome bare poſſibility of a generous releaſe, on my part, and a more generous forgetfulneſs of injuries on theirs. But now, all is over! I have but to puniſh my opponents a little, and myſelf much, and having puniſhed expire.

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. I have not paid the ſcoundrel his thouſand pounds. He propoſed a

bond for the whole, on which he ſaid he could raiſe money. This I was determined not to give, and told him he muſt wait a few days, till I had conſulted my lawyer and looked into my affairs, and I would then give him a determinate anſwer. He was beginning to aſſume the contemptible airs of a bully; but I was in no temper to bear the leaſt inſult. The real rage of my look ſilenced the mechanical ferocity of his. I bade him remember I could hit a china plate, and that I ſhould think proper to take my own mode of payment. He then changed his tone, and began to commend his ſoul to Satan, in a thouſand different forms, if he had ever won a hundred pounds at

a ſitting

a ſitting in his whole life before. I ſneered in his face, ſhewed him the door, and bade him good night; and he walked quietly away.

LETTER CXXIV.

LOUISA CLIFTON

TO

MRS. WENBOURNE.

Groſvenor Street.

DEAR MADAM,

AS I have taken upon myſelf the painful duty of informing you of all that paſſes, relative to this unhappy affair, it becomes me to be punctual. It is afflicting to own that our agitation and diſtreſs, inſtead of abating, are increaſed.

Finding

Finding it impoſſible to gain a ſight of my brother, I determined to attempt to queſtion his valet. Mr. Webb received my inſtructions accordingly, watched him to ſome diſtance from the houſe, and delivered a meſſage from me, that if he would come to me I would preſent him with ten guineas.

He made no heſitation, but followed Mr. Webb immediately.

Either he is very artful or very ignorant of this affair. One circumſtance excepted, he appears to know nothing.

I promiſed him any reward, any ſum he ſhould himſelf name, if he could but give us ſuch information as might lead to the recovery of our loſt friends: but he proteſted very ſolemnly he had none to give; except that he owns having been

been employed, by his maſter, to inveigle the lad away, who wrote the anonymous letter, and whom Mr. Clifton, by practiſing on the lad's credulity and gratitude, ſent to France.

The valet indeed acknowledges his maſter is exceedingly diſturbed in mind; that he does not ſleep, nor even go to bed, except ſometimes toſſing himſelf on it with his clothes on, and almoſt inſtantly riſing again; and that he has ſent for his attorney, to make his will.

I will not endeavour to paint my ſenſations at hearing this account. I will only add that another incident has happened, which gives them additional acuteneſs.

I believe, madam, you have heard both my brother and my Anna ſpeak of

and

and deſcribe a young French nobleman, who paid his addreſſes to her, and who was the occaſion of the raſh leap into the lake, by which Mr. Clifton endangered his life? This gentleman, Count de Beaunoir, is arrived in London; and has this morning paid a viſit to Sir Arthur St. Ives.

He enquired firſt and eagerly after my friend; with whom, like all who know her, he is in raptures. Sir Arthur, forgetting his character, and the apparently rodomontade but to him very ſerious manner in which he had declared himſelf her champion, told him the whole ſtory, as far as it is known to us; not omitting to mention Mr. Clifton as the perſon on whom all our ſuſpicions fell,

fell, and relating to him the full grounds of thoſe ſuſpicions.

The aſtoniſhment of the Count occaſioned him to liſten with uncommon attention to what he heard; and he cloſed the narrative of Sir Arthur by affirming it was all true. He was convinced beyond contradiction of its truth, for he had himſelf brought over the lad, whom Mr. Clifton had ſent, with pretended diſpatches, to a friend of his in Paris.

The lad it appears, ſuſpecting all was not right, and finding no probability of returning, but on the contrary that he was watched, and even refuſed a paſſport, had applied to the Count through the medium of his ſervants, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, to protect

protect and afford him the means of returning to England.

The lad was ſent for, his ſtory heard, and he was then queſtioned concerning Anna St. Ives; and he had heard enough of the affair from Mr. Abimelech Henley, and from the ſervants, to know that the propoſed match, between Mr. Clifton and Anna, was broken off; and that ſhe refuſed to admit his viſits. When Count de Beaunoir laſt ſaw Sir Arthur, at Paris, he had aſſured him very ſeriouſly that, ſhould ever Anna St. Ives find herſelf diſengaged and he knew it, he would inſtantly make her a tender of his hand and fortune: and he had no ſooner heard the lad's ſtory than he determined immediately to make his intended journey to England.

My

My heart ſhudders while I relate it, but I dread leſt it ſhould be a fatal journey, for him or my brother, or both! For he declared to Sir Arthur, without heſitation, he would wait on Mr. Clifton directly, and oblige him either to produce Anna St. Ives, or meet him in the field.

Wretched folly! Deſtructive error! When will men ceaſe to think that vice and virtue ought to meet on equal terms; and that injury can be atoned by blood?

The Count had left his addreſs with Sir Arthur, and the moment I heard what had paſſed I flew to his lodgings. He was not at home, and I waited above an hour. At laſt he came, and I attempted to ſhew him both the folly and wicked-

wickedneſs of the conduct he was purſuing.

He liſtened to me with the utmoſt politeneſs, paid me a thouſand compliments, acknowledged the truth of every thing I ſaid, but very evidently determined to act in a manner directly oppoſite. I very aſſiduouſly laboured to make him promiſe, upon his honour, he would not ſeek redreſs by duelling; but in vain. He anſwered by evaſion; with all poſſible deſire to have obliged me, but with a foregone concluſion that it could not be.

Pardon me, madam, for writing a narrative ſo melancholy: but ſincerity is neceſſary; intelligence might have come to you in a diſtorted form, and might have produced much worſe effects. For

my

my own part, I have no other mode of conduct but that of writing and of ſpeaking the ſimple truth; being convinced there is no ſhade of diſguiſe, artifice, or falſehood, that is not immoral in principle, and pernicious in practice.

I have been very buſy. I have ſent for the lad whom the count brought over with him, and have made enquiries. The anſwers he gave me all tend to confirm our former ſuſpicions. He has related the ſtory, at length, of the manner in which he was inveigled away, and prevailed on to go to France.

I next queſtioned him concerning his aunt; and he knows nothing of her, has never heard from her, and is aſtoniſhed at what can have become of her. He means,

means, however, to go this evening to a relation's houſe, where he thinks he is certain he ſhall hear of her; and has then promiſed to come and let me know ——But to what purpoſe? We ſhall find ſhe has been ſent out of the way by Mr. Clifton: and what further information will that afford? None, except to confirm what needs no confirming; except to ſhew the blindneſs, craft, and turpitude of his mind!

I am, dear madam, &c.

L. CLIFTON.

LET-

LETTER CXXV.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover-Street.

So, Fairfax, you have ſuffered the lad to eſcape you; cautioned and entreated as you were! You know, I ſuppoſe, by what means; and with whom he is at preſent?—Well, well!—It is no matter—I have quarrels enough on hand, and

enemies

enemies enough!—I would fain die in peace with ſomebody!—I forgive you—I ſuppoſe you did your beſt.

It is exceedingly poſſible that this may be the laſt letter you will ever receive from me. Remember me now and then. Should Henley and Anna St. Ives ſurvive me, let them know I was not ſo entirely blind to their worth as they might perhaps ſuppoſe. Shew them my letters if you will: I care not who ſees them now! Let the truth be told! I ſhall be deaf enough to cenſure.

I have juſt had a viſit from the crazy count; a threatening one. A challenge has paſſed, and we are to meet to-morrow.

So it is agreed; but I doubt whether I ſhall keep the appointment. If there be

be one ſpark of reſentment in the ſoul of Henley, it is poſſible I may fail. I mean to give him the firſt chance. It is his by right; and why ſhould not I do right even to him, once in my life? This farrago of folly, this pride of birth, and riches, and I know not what elſe lumber, is very contemptible!

Fairfax, the preſent ſtate of my thoughts forces more than one truth upon me. But what have I to do with truth, in a world from which I learned ſo much error that it was impoſſible for me to exiſt in it? Theſe wiſe people ſhould leave us fools to wrangle, be wretched, and cut each other's throats as we liſt, without intermeddling: 'tis dangerous. But Truth is a zealot; Wiſdom will be crying

ing in the ſtreets; and Folly meeting her ſeldom fails to deal her blow.

My mind is made up: my affairs are ſettled, my lawyer has written out my will, and it is ſigned. You will find yourſelf mentioned in it, Fairfax. I have nominated my ſiſter my executor, and Anna St. Ives my heir. I have been reading Louiſa's letter again: it is full of pathos. She has more underſtanding than I have been willing to allow, and I have relented. She is not forgotten in my will: I would not have her think of me with everlaſting hatred.

I know not how it is, Fairfax, but I feel more compunction, at preſent, than I ever remember to have felt before. I am grown into ſelf-contempt; and the haughty notions, which were the ſupport

of my high and ſometimes arrogant conduct, are faded. I could think only of Coke Clifton, and I now know Coke Clifton to be a very wretched dolt!

Be not deceived by my preſent tone: make no falſe predictions in favour either of myſelf or Anna St. Ives. Deſpair and fate are not more fixed than is my plan. My horſe will preſently be at the door. I ſhall mount him the moment I have ended this letter, and ſhall proceed directly to Anna. There, after all is ended, the enchantment too ſhall end, and the miſventurous lady and her impriſoned knight ſhall both be ſet free.

Should Henley, urged by deſpair to ſeek revenge, accept my defiance and meet me in the field, the conflict muſt be fierce, and ſuch as might inſpire terror.

To

To ſay the truth, were it not to prove myſelf his equal, perhaps his maſter and vanquiſher, I would not lift my hand againſt his life. It would be ſome relief to my ſoul to fall by his arm. He is a noble fellow, and I have done him wrong. Would he or Anna but charitably ſtrike, I would die bleſſing them, eaſed by the expiatory blow. Perhaps they are the only two beings for whom I ever could have had the ſame admiration; and, if what they tell me be true, admiration continued always ripens into love. They ſhewed affection toward me, and would, I believe, have loved me. But we did not underſtand each other, and the miſtake has been mutually fatal—Would I had never injured them!—But it is vain! —The die is caſt!—We are all fated!—

Having accompliſhed my revenge, and accompliſh it I will, they cannot live and not be miſerable! They muſt curſe my hated memory, and blaſpheme againſt my honour!—It cannot be otherwiſe—Let our grave therefore be glorious! They are brave ſpirits, and will mock my power even to the laſt. I love their high courage. Perhaps they ſhall find I have a kindred ſoul!—Oh would they die forgiving me—!

I know not well whither my thoughts are wandering—They perhaps may refuſe to die—They may ſay it is their duty to live, even though doomed to be wretched—I know them—What they think they will act—Well, well!—Let deſtiny diſpoſe of events—To me all chances are welcome, all are alike.

As to this count, ſhould Henley refuſe vengeance, I owe him no mercy. 'Twas he who prompted me to the frantic act that firſt made me the debtor of the man I have moſt injured. I almoſt contemn a foe ſo inſignificant—Not that he is deficient in bravery, or ſkill—But what is he?—What are his wrongs?—'Tis lunacy, not anger rankling at his heart!—Or if it were?—The hungry wolf-dog is no fit combatant for the famiſhed lion!

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. Fairfax, a new terror has come over me. I told you of the letters of my ſiſter and Anna, and deſcribed ſomething of the effect they produced upon

me. You may remember I read them previous to my laſt damned interview with the villain Mac Fane. I recollect having laid the letter of Anna upon the table, and that it continued lying there for ſome time after his entrance. I had my eye upon it, and meant not to put it in my pocket leſt it ſhould be left there, but lock it up as ſoon as I moved—I forgot it—The letter is loſt—I have ſearched every where, have enquired, have curſed; have threatened unheard-of puniſhment to my ſcoundrel, if he have purloined it; but to no effect. He proteſts he knows nothing of it; and he looks as if he ſpoke truth—It contained a ſecret relative to Henley—! Should Mac Fane have taken it up furtively, as I ſuppoſe ſuch thieves are always on the watch

watch—? Why, if he ſhould—? Hell hounds!—Blood-thirſty vultures!—If ſo—! I will be gone this inſtant!—It is the very era of horror!

FRAGMENT.*

WHETHER what I am about to write may ever be found, or whether I the writer may ever be heard of more, are both very doubtful events. It may be of ſome uſe to mankind, ſhould this brief narrative hereafter be read; as it may tend to exemplify the progreſs of

* Written by Mr. Henley in his confinement, and taken from the wainſcot in which it was concealed after the cataſtrophe.

the

the paſſions, and to ſhew after having begun in error the exceſſes of which they are capable. I ſpeak under the ſuppoſition that this paper may fall into the hands of perſons who know more of Mr. Clifton, and of the affair to which I allude, than even I myſelf at preſent know; or, if I did, than I have time and opportunity to relate.

With that hope, and addreſſing myſelf to ſuch perſons, I will endeavour, as long as I have the means and am able, accurately to recount the particulars of what has befallen me, from the time I was firſt beſet to the lateſt minute of my remaining where I am; whether my removal happen by death or releaſe; of which, though apparently beyond hope, it would certainly be wrong to deſpair.

Oh, Anna St. Ives! Should thine eye ever glance over this paper, ignorant as I am of thy deſtiny, though too well aſſured it is a fearful one, think not, while I ſeem to narrate thoſe incidents only which have happened to myſelf, that I am attentive to ſelf alone; that I have forgotten the nobler duties of which we have ſo often ſweetly diſcourſed; or that the memory of thee and thy ſufferings has ever been abſent from my heart!—But why bid thee be juſt? To whom didſt thou ever do a wilful wrong? Oh pardon me!——Live on, ſhouldſt thou ſtill be permitted to live, and labour with redoubled ardour in the great cauſe of truth! Deſpair not! Heave not a ſigh, drop not a tear; but ſacrifice thy private ills to public good!

Before

Before I begin, it is neceſſary to notice that I had the ſum of eight thouſand pounds about me, in bank-bills: for it is this circumſtance which ſeems to have inſured my death. Our walk was to have ended by four o'clock, and the money to have been left at the banker's as we returned. I cannot however acquit myſelf of neglect. I ought not to have forgotten that money, under our preſent wretched ſyſtem, is the grand ſtimulus to vice; that accidents very little dreamed of daily happen; and that procraſtination is always an error.

As I was walking with the lady whoſe name I have juſt mentioned, in ſome fields between Kenſington and Bromp-

ton, we ſaw Mr. Clifton paſs on horſe-back, and I believe in leſs than a minute a man aſſault him, and fire a piſtol, with an intent to rob him as I then ſuppoſed.

I ran to his aid; and, immediately after the flight of this real or imaginary robber, I was myſelf attacked, and laid ſenſeleſs, by a blow I received on the ſide of my head; which, as there was no perſon in front able to ſtrike at me, muſt have come from behind.

I ſaw no more for that time of Mr. Clifton. The blow was very violent, and is ſtill ſeverely felt.

When I recovered my ſenſes, I found my arms confined by a ſtraight waiſt-coat; ſuch as are uſed to ſecure maniacs. I endeavoured to call for aſſiſtance, but the man who had charge of me, for there

there were ſeveral, thruſt his thumb in the larynx, forced open my mouth, and gagged me. He has twice had occaſion, as he ſuppoſed, to uſe me thus; and both times with ſuch violence as ſeemingly to require the utmoſt effort mind could make, to recover reſpiration; the thruſt of his thumb was ſo mercileſs, and the ſenſation of ſtrangling ſo ſevere.

They brought me to a houſe thoroughly prepared for confinement. It is an old but heavy building, walled round, and provided with bars, bolts, chains, maſſy locks, and every precaution to impede eſcape.

I was led up one pair of ſtairs, to apartments conſiſting of two chambers; the one roomy, the other much ſmaller; in which laſt is a bed.

As

As ſoon as I was ſafe in the room, the maſter man among them, who as I have ſince learned is a profeſſed keeper of the inſane, ungagged me, took off the ſtraight waiſtcoat, and then they all left me.

I ſtood I know not how long in that ſtupor of amazement which the ſcene, and the crowding conjectures of imagination, neceſſarily produced.

At length, I rouſed my mind to more active enquiry. I then ſet myſelf to inſpect the apartments. In the largeſt there was a fire place, and a fire; but neither ſhovel, tongs nor poker; except a ſmall ſtick as a ſubſtitute for a poker, with which I certainly could not knock a man down. The furniture conſiſted of a chair, a table, a broken looking-glaſs, and an old picture, in panel, of the

the ſacrifice of Iſaac, with Abraham's knife at his throat. It ſtares me now in the face, and is a ſtrong emblem of my own ſituation; except that my ſaving angel ſeems wanting.

In the other room, excluſive of the bed and its appurtenances, there was a ſecond chair, which with an old walnut-tree clothes-preſs was its whole inventory.

In this room was a cloſet, with ſeveral ſhelves almoſt to the ceiling; the topmoſt of them ſo high as but juſt to be reached by me, when ſtanding on a chair. I ſwept my hand along the ſhelves, and found them as I thought empty.

I then examined the windows. There were only two, one to each room; the remainder

remainder having been walled up; and theſe each of them provided with thick iron bars, ſo near to each other as to admit but of a ſmall part of the face paſſing between them. There was a caſement to the front room only; and I found a piece of paper tied to the handle of it, on which was written—"You are "cloſely watched: if you attempt to "make any ſignals, or ſhout, or take "any other means to inform perſons "you are here, your lodging will be "changed to one much more diſagree-"able."

Having nothing with which I could employ myſelf except my thoughts, and theſe flowing in abundance, I ſat meditating and undiſturbed till it was almoſt dark. A little before five o'clock as I ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, perhaps later, for I forgot to ſay my watch and purſe had been taken from me, with a promiſe that they ſhould be returned, I heard the ſound of diſtant bolts and locks, that belong to the outer gates and doors, and ſoon afterward of men in loud converſation.

The keeper and two of his aſſiſtants came up to me, and once more brought the ſtraight waiſtcoat, into which they bade me thruſt my arms. I heſitated, and told them I did not chooſe to have my arms confined. To which the keeper replied—"B*** my b**** eyes! "None of your jabber, or I'll fetch you "another rum one! I'll knock you off "the rooſt again!"

From this ſpeech I conclude it was he who

who gave me the blow with the bludgeon, when I was firſt ſecured.

As he ſaid this, he raiſed his bludgeon; with which kind of weapon they were all three armed, and had locked the door after them. There was no remedy, and I obeyed.

As ſoon as they had confined my arms they left me, and remembering the bank-notes which I had in my fob, I began to fear they had come to the knowledge of this circumſtance; though I could not imagine by what means. Some ſhort time afterward, perhaps a quarter of an hour, the bolts and chains of my door again began to rattle, and one perſon ſingly came in. It was dark, and I could not diſtinguiſh his features, but I re-

recollected his form: it was the gambler Mac Fane; the ſound of his voice preſently put it beyond a doubt.

Without ſpeaking a word, he came up to me and made a violent blow at me. I perceived it coming, ſprang upward, and received it on the tip of my ſhoulder, his hand driving up to my neck. From his manner, I gueſs it hurt him at leaſt as much as me; for his paſſion immediately became outrageous, and he began curſing, kicking, ſpitting at me, and treating me with various other indignities, which are wholly unworthy of remembrance.

His paſſion was ſo loud and vehement that the keeper, hearing him, came up. Juſt as he entered Mac

Fane

Fane ſtruck me again, and with more effect, for he knocked me down; and was proceeding to kick me in a manner that might perhaps have been fatal, had not the keeper interfered.

I ſaid not one word the whole time, nor as I recollect uttered any ſound whatever; and it was with difficulty that the keeper, who is even a more powerful man than himſelf, could get him away.

I was once more left in ſolitude and darkneſs; and thus ſat, with freſh ſubjects for reflection, ruminating on this worthleſs Mac Fane, my rencontre with him and Mr. Clifton, the extreme malignancy of his temper, and all the connecting circumſtances that are allied

allied to events which I cannot now relate.

About eight o'clock my door once more opened, and a little boy of fourteen years of age, as he tells me, brought me a light and ſome food. The boy imagined me to be mad, and entered the room with great reluctance, his maſter the keeper ſtanding at the door, curſing him, threatening him with the horſe-whip, and obliging him to do as he was bidden! which was to releaſe me from the ſtrait waiſtcoat, ſpread a threadbare half-dirty napkin over the table, ſet the plates, and wait till I had eaten. The trepidation of the poor boy at ſetting my arms at liberty was extreme.

The door was not open but ajar, and ſecured by three chains, between which the

the boy crept; the keeper ſtanding and looking on, with one arm leaning on the middle chain, and his head only in the chamber.

I obſerved that the boy had an intelligent countenance, though conſiderably under the influence of fear; with ſtrong marks of kindneſs in it, but ſtronger of dejection.

The furniture, the napkin, knives and forks, and every circumſtance denoted the poverty of the man who is my jailer: and his proceedings proved there ſcarcely could be any guilt from which he would ſtart, to remove this ſuppoſed evil. The thought could not eſcape me, nor the jeopardy in which I ſhould ſtand, ſhould the money I had in my poſſeſſion be diſcovered.

I ate what was brought me, and endeavoured by the mildneſs and cheerfulneſs of my look to inſpire the boy with confidence. I have no doubt but he was ſurpriſed to ſee ſo docile a madman, not having yet ever ſeen any, and being from deſcription exceedingly terrified at the idea of the trade to which he has been forcibly apprenticed. I ſpoke to him two or three times, apparently to aſk him for the trifles he could reach me, but in reality with another view. I likewiſe addreſſed him two or three other times in dumbſhow, with as much mildneſs and meaning in my look as circumſtances ſo inſignificant would permit.

The effect my behaviour had upon him

him was very evident; and after beginning in fear and confuſion, he left me in ſomething like hope and tranquillity. My priſon door was locked, the candle taken away, and I left in darkneſs. I was no more moleſted during that night.

My thoughts were too buſy to ſuffer me to ſleep. I ſat without moving I know not how long. The extreme ſtillneſs of all around me added to the unity of the gloom, and produced a ſtate of mind which gives wholeſome exerciſe to fortitude. Deep as I was in thought, I remember having been two or three times rouſed by the ſternneſs of the keeper's voice, which I heard very plainly, and which was generally ſome command, cloſing with a curſe, and as I ſuppoſed directed to the poor boy.

My

My bed-chamber door was open, and after ſome time I removed into it, and ſat down on the feet of the bed, again falling into reveries which fixed me motionleſs to the place. I cannot tell what was the hour, nor how long I had been thus ſeated; but I was rouſed by the ſound of a door opening, and once more by the voice of the keeper, which I heard ſo diſtinctly as to doubt for a moment whether it were not in my own chamber.

At the ſame time a broad ray of light ſuddenly ſtruck againſt the wall of my bed-room. I followed it with my eye: I was ſtill at the foot of the bed, and its direction was from the left to the right. I had much inclination to pull off my ſhoes, and endeavour to trace by what aper-

ture it entered; but on further reflection, I concluded it would be beſt not to excite any alarm, in a mind which cannot but be continually tormented by ſuſpicion and fear.

I paid ſtrict attention however to every circumſtance that might aid my memory, in tracing it on the morrow.

The voice of the keeper, for he ſpoke ſeveral times, was now much more diſtinct than before: he was going to bed, and the queſtion—"Are "you ſure all is ſafe?"—was repeated ſeveral times with great anxiety, and was anſwered in the affirmative by a man's voice—"Do you hear him ſtir?" ſaid the keeper.—The reply was—"No—But I am ſure I heard him a "little before ten."

The

The keeper however could not be ſatisfied, and in leſs than five minutes I heard my door unbolting. The keeper and both his men came in with their bludgeons. He aſked moroſely why I did not go to bed. I anſwered becauſe I had no inclination to ſleep. He went again to the windows, and examined the very walls with the utmoſt circumſpection; and afterward turning away ſaid—"Sleep or wake, I'll be d**** "if you have any chance."

He then left me, and I preſently afterward ſaw the ray of light again, and heard his various motions at going to bed.

I paſſed the night without cloſing my eyes, and in the morning began to examine where it was poſſible the light

ſhould obtain admiſſion. I placed myſelf in the ſame ſituation, and looking to the left ſaw the cloſet was in that direction, and that the door was open.

Looking into it I found that a part of the flooring, in the left hand corner, was decayed; and that the ceiling beneath had a fiſſure of ſome width.

I thought it a fortunate circumſtance that ſounds were conveyed ſo diſtinctly into my apartments: though I ſpeak chiefly of the bed-chamber; for it was the loudneſs of the keeper's voice, and the ſtillneſs of ſurrounding objects, which moſt contributed to my hearing him in the front apartment. Not but the decayed ſtate of the building favoured the conveyance of ſound, in all directions.

I be-

I began to conſider how far I could improve the means that offered themſelves, and, watching my opportunity in the courſe of the day, with my fingers and by the aid of the ſtick left to ſtir my fire, I removed ſome of the decayed mortar to the right and left, and increaſed the aperture on the inſide; but was exceedingly careful not to puſh any flakes, or part of the ceiling, down into the floor below. The attention I paid to this was very exact, for it was of the utmoſt conſequence. Nor was I leſs accurate in preſſing together the rubbiſh I ſcraped away into vacant corners between the joiſts, and leaving no traces that ſhould lead to diſcovery.

All theſe precautions were highly neceſſary, as the behaviour of the keeper

had proved; for when he came into my chamber in the morning, as he did early with his cuſtomary attendants, he ſearched and pried about with all the aſſiduity of ſuſpicion.

At breakfaſt I was again waited on by the boy, and watched by the keeper. It was neceſſary I ſhould not excite alarms, in a mind ſo full of apprehenſion: I therefore behaved with reſerve to the boy, though with great complacency, ſaid little, and diſmiſſed him ſoon.

In the forenoon the door opened again: the boy was ſent in with the ſtraight waiſtcoat, and the keeper ſaid to me—"Come, ſir; put on your "jacket!—Here, boy, be handy!"—

I once more heſitated, and aſked if Mr.

Mr. Mac Fane were coming to pay me another viſit? He did not return me a direct anſwer, but replied—"If you will "put on the jacket, you may go and "ſtretch your pins for half an hour in "the garden: if not ſtay where you "are, and be d**** !"

After a ſhort deliberation, I concluded that to comply was prudent; and I very peaceably aided the boy in performing his office. As my back was turned to the keeper, I ſmiled kindly and ſignificantly to the boy; to which he replied by a look expreſſive of ſurpriſe and curioſity.

It cannot be ſuppoſed but that my mind had been moſt anxiouſly enquiring into the poſſibility and means of eſcape, while in my priſon; and that the mo-

ment this unexpected privilege was granted me, its whole efforts were directed to the ſame ſubject.

I walked in the garden overlooked, and in a certain manner followed, by the keeper and his attendants: I therefore traverſed it in various directions, without ſeeming to pay the leaſt attention to the object on which my mind was moſt buſy. But the chance of eſcape, my hands being thus confined, appeared to be as ſmall in the garden as in the houſe. It is completely ſurrounded by a high wall, which joins the houſe at each end. It had one ſmall gate, or rather door, which was locked and bolted; and had no other entrance, except from the houſe. After having walked about an hour as I ſuppoſe, the keeper

aſked

aſked me, in a tone rather of command than queſtion, if I were not tired. I anſwered—No. To which he replied, But I am. Accordingly, without ſaying another word, I returned to my priſon.

I will attempt no deſcription of the ſufferings of my mind, and the continual fears by which it was diſtracted: not for myſelf, for there was no appearance, at this time, that any greater harm than confinement was intended me, but for another. The ſubject is torturing: but reſignation and fortitude are duties. My reaſon for mentioning it is that it ſtrongly excited me to ſome prompt effort at eſcape.

I could think of none, except of endeavouring to convince the keeper it was more his intereſt to give me my freedom, than to

keep me in confinement. Conſequently, when my dinner was brought, and he had taken his ſtation, I aſked him if he would do me the favour to converſe with me for half an hour; either privately or in the preſence of his own men.

He did not ſuffer me to finiſh my ſentence, but exclaimed—"None of your "gab, I tell you! If you ſpeak another "word, I'll have you jacketed: and "then b * * * me, my kiddy, if you "get it off again in a hurry!"

I ſaid no more, but ate my dinner; caſting an eye occaſionally to the door, and conjecturing what were the probabilities, by a very ſudden ſpring, of breaking the chain, for he had only put one up, or of drawing the ſtaple by which it was held, and which, from the thickneſs

of

of the wood-work, I knew could not be clenched. It was not poſſible, I believe, for mind to be actuated by ſtronger motives than mine was, in my wiſh to eſcape: the circumſtance of the ſingle chain might not occur a ſecond time, and I determined on the trial.

I prolonged my dinner till I perceived him begin to yawn, and at laſt turn his head the other way. I was about twelve feet diſtant from the door. I roſe quietly, made two ſteps, and then gave a ſudden ſpring. I came with great violence againſt the door, but it reſiſted me, and, of courſe, I fell backward.

After the firſt moment of ſurpriſe, the keeper inſtantly locked the door, and, in a rage of curſing, called his aſſiſtants. They however ſoon pacified him, by

turning his attention to the ſtrength of his own faſtenings, and ſcoffing at my fruitleſs attempt.

But this incident induced him to change his mode: he ſtood no more with the door ajar to watch me, but, after ſending in the boy, locked and bolted it upon us.

I was in full expectation of the ſtraight waiſtcoat; and his forbearance, I imagine, was occaſioned by the ſtrict orders he muſt have received to the contrary. His threat indeed, when I attempted to ſpeak, is a proof rather againſt this ſuppoſition; and I can ſolve it no other way than by ſuppoſing that his orders were, if I attempted perſuaſion with him, he would then be at liberty to do a thing to which he ſeemed exceedingly prone.

His

His fears for himſelf, ſhould I eſcape, muſt inevitably be ſtrong; and a man, who has waded far enough in error to commit an act ſo violent, will willingly plunge deeper, in proportion as ſuch fears increaſe.

The ſudden ſpring I had made at the door, combining with the ſuppoſition of madneſs, had ſuch an effect upon the poor boy that, hearing the door lock and ſeeing me as he imagined let looſe upon him, his fright returned in full force. His looks were ſo pale, and he trembled ſo violently, that I feared he would fall into a fit. I went up to him with the utmoſt gentleneſs, and ſaid—Don't be afraid, my good boy! Indeed I will not hurt you.

The keeper ſcarcely ſtayed a minute before,

before, recollecting I had been long enough at dinner, he opened the door again, but with the caution of the three chains, and bade the boy take away.

I then began to accuſe myſelf of precipitancy; but I ſoon remembered that every thing ought to be hazarded, where every thing is at ſtake. My fears were not for myſelf; and, while my arms were free, could I have come upon them thus ſuddenly, ſucceſs was far from improbable. Vice is always cowardly; and, difference of weapons out of the queſtion, three to one are not invincible odds.

It now firſt occurred to me how prudent it would be to conceal my bank-bills, and I began to conſider which were the beſt means. I took them out, examined

amined their numbers, and endeavoured to fix them in my memory.

This was no difficult taſk; but prudence required that nothing ſhould be left to chance, and I took the burnt end of my ſtick, and going into the back room, wrote the numbers againſt the wall, in a place which, from its darkneſs, was leaſt liable to notice. Indeed I conſidered there was little to fear, even ſhould the figures I made be ſeen, for I wrote them in one continued line, which rendered them unintelligible without a key.

I then once more took my chair, and placed it at the cloſet door; thinking that to hide them at one corner of the topmoſt ſhelf might perhaps be the ſecureſt place. I previouſly began to feel,

and,

and, at the far end of the ſhelf, I put my hand upon ſomething; which, when brought to light, proved to be the remainder of a bundle of quills.

I felt again, but found nothing more there.

I then removed my chair toward the other end, and after two or three times ſweeping my hand ineffectually along the ſhelf, I ſtruck the edge of it againſt the wall, and more than half a quire of paper fell flat upon it.

This led me to conjecture that the ſhelf had been a hiding place, perhaps, to ſome love-ſick girl, and that it was poſſible there ſhould be ink. After another more accurate ſearch, and turning my other hand, with which I could feel

feel better to the oppoſite ſide, I found an ink-bottle.

I took down my treaſure, and examined it: there was cotton in the bottle, but the ink was partly mouldy and partly dried away. However, by the aid of a little water, I preſently procured more than ſufficient to write down my numbers. But I wanted a pen, and for this there was no ſuccedaneum.

As the ſafeſt way of preſerving what might become uſeful, I returned my treaſure to the ſhelf on which it had been found; and for that reaſon began to conſider of another place for my bank-notes. After looking carefully round both chambers, I at laſt lifted up the old picture, and here I found a break in the wainſcot; in which was inſerted, laterally,

full

full as much more writing paper as the quantity I had diſcovered in the cloſet. I took away the paper entirely, leſt, if ſeen, it ſhould lead to further ſearch; and, twiſting up the bills, laid them ſo as to be certain of recovering them, when I pleaſed. The paper I put upon the ſhelf.

When the boy brought my ſupper, I aſked him his name, how old he was, and other trifling queſtions, to familiarize and embolden him; and learned from his anſwers that he had a poor mother, who was unable to provide for him, and that he had been bound apprentice to this keeper by the pariſh.

At laſt I enquired if he could write and read?

He anſwered, yes; he had been called

the

the beſt ſcholar of the charity ſchool in which he was bred.

I then aſked if he continued to practiſe his learning?

He replied he loved reading very much indeed: but he had no books.

Did he write?

He had no paper.

Was there a pen and ink in the houſe?

Yes; but the pen was ſeldom uſed, and good for nothing.

Could he get me a pen?

If he had but a quill, he could make me one.

Had he a pen-knife?

No; he had forgotten that: but one of the men had a knife with ſeveral blades, and he could aſk him to lend it.

And

And what ſhould he write, ſuppoſing he had paper?

A letter.

To whom?

To his mother.

I thought it not right to expoſe my ſtores to him, and therefore ſuffered him to go for that time, without ſaying any thing more on the ſubject. But my diſcourſe with him had pretty well driven all apprehenſion from his mind. I was cautious to ſpeak in a very low tone of voice; and, without being bidden, he had acuteneſs enough to follow my example.

The next day, at breakfaſt, I gave him a ſheet of paper, and two quills; and told him to make pens of them if he could; one for himſelf, and the other

other for me; and to take the paper for his letter. He looked with intelligent ſurpriſe—Where did they come from? was the queſtion in his thoughts; but he ſaid nothing. Madmen were beings whom he did not comprehend.

My kindneſs to him, however, made him deſirous to oblige me. I gave him a part of my breakfaſt; and he ate what I gave him in a manner that ſhewed he was not over-fed.

At dinner he brought me both the pens. I aſked him why he did not keep one to write to his mother? He ſaid he had written, but had cleaned and cut the pen over again. They were not ill made, conſidering that, as he told me, the knife was a bad one.

But what will you do for ink, ſir? ſaid

he. I told him I had a little; but that I ſhould be glad if I had more. Perhaps, he replied, he could get one of the men to bring him a halfpennyworth. I ſaid I had no money, and he anſwered a gentleman (Mr. Clifton, I ſuppoſe) had juſt given him ſixpence, for holding his horſe; that he intended to ſave it for his mother, but that he would ſpare a halfpenny to buy me ink.

I took the boy's hand, and ſaid to him—"If ever I live to get free from "this place, I will remember you."—The emotions I felt communicated themſelves, and he looked ſorrowfully up in my face, and aſked—"Why, are not "you mad, ſir?"

The very earneſt but mild manner

with which I anſwered—"No, my good "fellow"—both convinced him and ſet his imagination to work.

I ſaid little more, but finiſhed my meal, wrote down my numbers, and gave him the bottle: but warned him, if he were queſtioned, by no means to tell an untruth. The boy looked at me again, in a manner that ſpoke highly in his favour, put the bottle in his pocket, and, as ſoon as his maſter returned to the door, removed the things and departed.

He brought the ink with my ſupper. One of the men had taken his ſixpence, but refuſed to return him any change; and the ink he had emptied out of the keeper's bottle. Such are the habits of vice. The boy related it with indignation, but ſaid he dared not complain.

I had

I had nothing elſe to give, I therefore rewarded the generous boy with a couple of quills, and four ſheets of paper for his own uſe; cautioning him to keep them to write to his mother.

While I wanted the means, I imagined it would have been a great relief to have had the power of writing down my thoughts; but I found they were much too buſy, and diſturbed, by the recollection of Anna St. Ives and her danger, and by the inceſſant deſire of finding ſome means of eſcape, notwithſtanding a thouſand repeated convictions of its impoſſibility, to ſuffer me to write either with effect or connection. I did nothing but make memorandums; ſome of thoughts that occurred, and others of circumſtances that were preſent. I concealed

cealed my papers in the wainſcot behind the picture, where I mean to leave this narrative.

The indulgence of my morning walk was continued; and on the ſixth day of my confinement an incident happened, by which I almoſt effected my releaſe.

Confiding in the ſtrait waiſtcoat and in the ſtrength of his locks and bars, and become leſs apprehenſive from this perſuaſion, the keeper had left me under the care of only one of his men; himſelf and the other were employed on ſomething which he wanted done in the houſe.

While they were abſent, the garden-bell rang. The voice of Mac Fane was heard, demanding entrance, by the man who was ſet to watch me,

and fetching the key he opened the gate without heſitation.

My hopes were inſtantly excited. I made a ſhort turn and croſſed him, as if continuing my walk, a few yards diſtant from the gate. He eyed me however, and I went on; but, the moment he was buſied in unlocking and unbolting it, I turned round, ſprang forward, and as it opened ruſhed paſt.

The violence of my motion overſet Mac Fane. The maſter, whoſe ſuſpicions had taken the alarm, was entering the garden and ſaw me. He and his man and Mac Fane inſtantly joined in the purſuit.

Though I was in the ſtrait waiſtcoat, yet I happened to be ſwifter than any of them. The keeper was ſoon the firſt

in

in the chaſe: it was up a narrow lane, with a high-banked hedge on each ſide. A man was coming down it, and the keeper called to him to ſtop me. The man ſeeing my arms confined, and hearing the ſhouts of my purſuers, endeavoured to do as he was deſired. He placed himſelf directly in my way, and I ran full againſt him.

We both fell; but the man by the aid of his hands was up rather the ſooneſt. He laid hold of me, and a ſudden thought ſtruck me. They were bawling behind—"A madman! A madman!"—and I aſſumed that grinning contortion of countenance which might eaſieſt terrify, uttered an uncouth noiſe, and began to bite at the man. Terror ſeized

him, and I again got away, the very moment the keeper was coming up.

I had not run a hundred yards further before I ſaw another man at a diſtance, and the hue and cry behind was as hot as ever. The hedge in this place was lower, and I jumped over it into the field on my right. There was a ditch on the other ſide, of which I had no intimation; and my feet alighting on the edge of it, I once more fell.

My purſuers profited by a gate, which I had paſſed. It was the field of a gardener, and a man was at work cloſe by. He came and helped me up; but not ſoon enough: the keeper arrived, and preſently after his man and Mac Fane.

I addreſſed myſelf to the gardener, endea-

endeavoured to tell him who I was, and ſaid I would give him a hundred pounds, if he would aid me to eſcape: but my efforts were ſoon put an end to by the keeper, who threw me down, a ſecond time violently thruſt his thumb into my throat, and by gagging me prevented further ſpeech.

Mac Fane however thought proper to give the man half a crown, and they all aſſured him I was a madman; which ſtory was confirmed by the man who ſuppoſed himſelf bitten, and who had joined in the purſuit.

The extreme malevolence of Mac Fane again diſplayed itſelf: but his treatment is unworthy notice, except as it relates to what is to come.

I was hurried back to my priſon, left

with the ſtrait waiſtcoat on that whole day and night, and was fed by the boy; who ſhewed many ſilent tokens of commiſeration, though once more watched by the keeper and his two attendants, with the three chains up at the door. All converſations between me and the boy were for ſeveral days ended, by the continued overlooking of the keeper and his men.

After the keeper and Mac Fane had retired, I went into the back room, and was ſtanding with my face toward the window, which is beſide the cloſet. The behaviour of Mac Fane had been ſo extraordinary as already to lead me to ſuſpect he had a wiſh to take away my life.

As I was ſtanding here, I heard the keeper's

keeper's bed-room door open and ſhut again, and ſoon after the voices of him and Mac Fane in converſation. I liſtened very attentively to a dialogue, the ſubſtance of which was to me much more alarming than unexpected. It was a conſultation, on the part of Mac Fane, on the policy and means of murdering me.

The keeper oppoſed him, ſeveral times mentioned Mr. Clifton as an unconquerable objection, and urged the danger of being detected; for he did not ſeem to revolt at the fact.

Mac Fane anſwered, he would ſilence Clifton; of whom his favourite phraſe was that "He ſhould ſoon do him!" —which he repeated very often, with a

variety of uncommon oaths. He even ſaid that, were I fairly out of the way, he could make Edward St. Ives pay him the three thouſand guineas.

The curſes which Mac Fane continually coupled with my name, and the rancour, the thirſt of blood which preyed upon him, were incredible. He a hundred times imprecated eternal damnation to his ſoul if there were the leaſt danger. The fellows the keeper had with him were of his own providing: they knew he could hang them both: they durſt not impeach. [*Squeak*, I recollect, was the word he uſed.] To take me off was the ſafeſt way. Clifton would in reality be an acceſſary before the fact, and therefore obliged to ſilence. Beſide—"He would do him! He would do "him!"

" him!"—This he confirmed by a new ſtring of oaths.

The keeper however continued averſe to the project, ſaid the fellows would hang their own father if he could not bribe them, that there was nothing to be got by putting me out of the way, and that he would not venture his neck unleſs he ſaw good cauſe.

While they were arguing the point, a loud and authoritative rap was heard at the keeper's door, accompanied by the voice of Mr. Clifton, demanding admiſſion. He entered, and the whole ſtory of my eſcape was related, with that colouring which their own fears inſpired.

Mac Fane darkly hinted the thoughts he had been communicating to the keeper; but, meeting repulſe from Mr.

Clifton whenever ideas of cruelty were ſtarted, he thought proper to uſe more reſerve.

The keeper concluded his account by affirming it would be neceſſary to continue me in the ſtrait waiſtcoat, and not to let me walk in the garden any more. Mr. Clifton aſſented to the latter, but poſitively ordered my arms to be releaſed. There was no need he ſaid to puniſh me in this manner, and it ſhould not be. At the ſame time he gave the keeper a twenty pound note, and repeated his orders to treat me properly, but to take care not to ſuffer me to eſcape.

Miſguided man! How does your heart pant after virtue! How grieve at the ſlavery in which it is held! What

will

will its agony be, when the full meaſure of error is come!

Yet this to me was the lucid moment of hope, for it ſuggeſted a train of concluſions which ſeem like heavenly certainties—Mr. Cliſton has made his attempts on Anna St. Ives, and they have been repelled! Even ſtill, and it is ſeveral days ſince, his efforts continue to be ineffectual!—It muſt be ſo!—The purpoſes of vice are fruſtrated by the pure energies of virtue: for, had they ſucceeded, I ſhould be releaſed. Heart-cheering thought! Pleaſure inexpreſſible! Yes, Anna St. Ives is ſafe! Truth is omnipotent; and out of my aſhes another, and probably a more ſtrenuous and determined aſſertor of it may ariſe! Clifton at laſt may ſee how very

foul is folly, and turn to wiſdom! Would he might be ſpared the guilt of purchaſing conviction at the price of blood!

Three days paſſed away, after my eſcape, without any remarkable occurrence. The ſanguinary malignity of Mac Fane was more than counterbalanced, by the reaſonings of probability and hope in favour of Anna St. Ives.

During my confinement, I had ſlept but little. Wearied however at length, by the repetition of ideas that were unavailing, I was ſlumbering more ſoundly than uſual on the night after the ninth day; and was dreaming that my doors were unbolted, the chains rattling, and men entering to murder me; from which

I was

I was waked by ſtarting in my dream to run and reſiſt them. It was the real clanking of the bolts and locks of the houſe doors that inſpired this dream; they opened to give ſome one admiſſion. I know not what was the hour, but it muſt be very late, and it was completely dark. I ſoon diſtinguiſhed Mac Fane's voice. I jumped up, haſtily dreſſed myſelf in part, and preſently heard the keeper's door open—The ray of light appeared on the wall—I crept toward the cloſet.

The firſt word Mac Fane uttered was—"I told you I ſhould do him!—"I told you I ſhould do him!"

He kept repeating this and other exclamations, which I could not at firſt comprehend, cloſing each of them with

oath

oaths expreſſive of uncommon exultation. But he deſcanted almoſt inſtantly from Mr. Clifton, to whom his phraſe alluded, to me; adding—it was high time now to do me too.

His joy was ſo great, his oaths ſo multiplied, and his aſſeverations ſo continual, that he would tread me out, would ſend my ſoul to hell that very night, and other ſimilar phraſes, that it was ſome time before the keeper could obtain an anſwer to his queſtion of—"What does all this mean?" At laſt Mr. Mac Fane began to relate, as ſoberly as the intoxication of his mind would permit, that he had done him [Mr. Clifton] out of ten thouſand pounds.

Had he got the money?

No—

No——But God ſhiver his ſoul to flames if he did not make him pay! He would blow him to powder, drink his blood, eat his bones if he did not!

This was not all—He had another prize! Eight thouſand pounds! The money was now in the houſe!

He ſtopped ſhort—The cupidity of the keeper was excited, and he grew impatient. Mac Fane I imagine heſitated to reconſider if it were poſſible to get all the money himſelf, make away with me ſecretly, and leave the keeper in ignorance. But he could not but conclude this to be impracticable.

I could not ſufficiently connect the meaning of all the phraſes that followed; they might depend as much on ſeeing as hearing;

hearing; but I underſtood Mac Fane was acquainted with the circumſtance of the money I have in my poſſeſſion; though whether his knowledge were gained from Mr. Clifton or Anna St. Ives, for they were both mentioned, I could not diſtinguiſh. He talked much of a letter, of his own cunning, and of the contempt in which he held Mr. Clifton.

The keeper however was convinced of the fact, for he propoſed immediately to murder me, and ſecure the money.

This point was for ſome time debated, and I every moment expected they would leave the room, to perpetrate the crime. Mac Fane had his piſtols and cutlaſs, yet ſeemed to ſuppoſe a poſſibility

lity even of my conquering them. The keeper was much more confident—"He knew how to bring me down; "he had no fear of that."—Mac Fane remembered his defeat, and the keeper his cheaply bought victory.

They agreed it could not be done ſilently, unleſs they could catch me aſleep, and the unbolting of the doors would awaken me. They wiſhed the keeper's fellows to know nothing of the matter; they would claim their ſhare.

At laſt Mac Fane propoſed that I ſhould be put in the ſtrait waiſtcoat the next morning, on pretence of walking me out in the garden; that perhaps it would be beſt to ſuffer me to walk there, but not to take off the ſtrait waiſtcoat

waiſtcoat any more; that then the doors might be left unbolted, and even unlocked, my arms being confined; and the next night they might come and diſpatch me!

The converſation continued long after this, and ſchemes of flight, either to Ireland or the continent, were concerted, and the riches and happineſs they ſhould enjoy inſiſted on, with great ſelf-applauſe and pleaſure. Poor, miſtaken men!

They at laſt parted, with a determination to execute the ſcheme of the ſtrait waiſtcoat. Mac Fane took poſſeſſion of the keeper's bed; and he as I imagine went to that of his men.

And

And here I muſt remark that Mac Fane either forgot or did not imagine that my immediate murder would be an impediment to the payment of the ten thouſand pound gaming debt, from Mr. Clifton; which fear afterward actuated him ſtrongly. It could not do otherwiſe, the moment it was conceived.

According to agreement, in the morning the keeper came, with as much pretended kindneſs as he knew how to aſſume, to tell me I might have my walk in the garden again, if I pleaſed. I anſwered I did not wiſh to walk. He endeavoured to perſuade me, but he ſoon found it was to no purpoſe. He then ordered the boy away, who had brought

the

the ſtrait waiſtcoat, and quitted his ſtation at the door in great dudgeon.

I ſoon afterward heard, as I expected, Mac Fane and him in his own room. Mac Fane curſed the keeper bitterly, and ſuppoſed that, for want of cunning, he had in part betrayed himſelf, and rendered me ſuſpicious. The keeper reſented his behaviour and curſed again, till I imagined they had fairly quarrelled.

Mac Fane however began to cool, and to talk of another expedient of which he had been thinking. This was to poiſon me. In this the keeper immediately joined, and began to enquire about the means of procuring the poiſon. The boy was firſt mentioned, but that was thought

thought too dangerous. At laſt Mac Fane determined himſelf to go to London and buy arſenic, on pretence of poiſoning rats, and to ſet off immediately. On this they concluded, and preſently left the room.

My whole attention was now employed in watching the opening of the keeper's door; but there was reaſon to apprehend they would converſe ſomewhere elſe on their projects. I imagine however they thought this the ſafeſt and moſt inacceſſible place, for a little before dark I again heard the voice of Mac Fane, and they preſently came back to their former ſtation.

Mac Fane related the difficulty he had found in getting the arſenic; that ſeveral ſhops had refuſed him; and that at laſt

laſt he had ſucceeded by ordering a quantity of drugs, for which he paid, leaving them to be ſent to a fictitious addreſs, and returning back pretending he wanted ſome poiſon for the rats, aſking them which was the beſt. They recommended arſenic, which they directed him to make up in balls, and he ordered a quarter of a pound. They weighed it, he put it in his pocket, and they noticed the circumſtance, telling him they would ſend it home with the other drugs; but he walked away pretending not to hear what they ſaid.

Mac Fane, glorying in his own cunning, was impatient to adminiſter his drug, and propoſed it ſhould be ſent up in my tea. The keeper aſſented, and the boy very ſoon afterward brought me ſome

ſome tea in a pot ready made, contrary to cuſtom, I having been uſed to make my own tea.

The keeper was at the door. I aſked him the reaſon of this deviation; and he bade me drink my tea and be thankful. I poured ſome out, firſt looked at it, then taſted it, and afterwards threw it into the aſhes, ſaying it was bad tea. I next examined the tea-pot, ſmelled into it, and then daſhed it to pieces on the hearth. I looked toward the keeper and told him there was ſomething in the tea that ought not to have been.

Seeing me take up the candle and begin to move, he inſtantly ſhut the door. His conſcience was alarmed, and for a moment he forgot the ſecurity of his chains. He even called up his men

men before he opened it again; after which the boy was releaſed, but not before I had time to tell him never to eat any thing that was brought for me. The poor boy noticed the ſignificance with which I ſaid it, and fixed his eyes mournfully upon me. I ſhook him by the hand, bade him be a good boy, and not learn wickedneſs from his maſter.

The remains of the tea-ſet were ſoon removed, and a freſh conſultation preſently began in the keeper's room. Mac Fane was again enraged, and blamed the keeper; who began to ſuppoſe there was ſomething ſupernatural in my behaviour. He ſaid I looked at him as if I knew it was poiſon, and it was very ſtrange! Mac Fane ſwore he would doſe me at ſupper, and would go and make

me eat it himſelf, or blow my brains out; but he preſently recollected I had not the ſtrait waiſtcoat on, and altered his tone. It was however agreed that another attempt ſhould be made.

I now began to conſider all circumſtances; whether it were probable, if I ate a little, that the keeper ſhould ſuppoſe it only a temporary want of appetite; what quantity might be eaten without harm, and if it were not practicable to watch the moment when they ſhould come, by night, to execute their wicked purpoſe, and to paſs them and eſcape? A little reaſoning ſhewed me that I ſhould be in the dark, in a houſe the avenues to which were all ſecured, and with which I was unacquainted; that the number I had to contend with

now would be four, three of them provided with bludgeons, and the fourth with a hanger and piſtols; that releaſe by the order of Mr. Clifton was not impoſſible; and that, if I began a fray, I ſhould excite cowardice to action; and, having begun, Mac Fane would ſcarcely miſs ſuch an opportunity.

Theſe reaſons made me rather reſolve to perſevere in faſting; which remedy, though it could not be of long duration, appeared to be the wiſeſt. Yet caution was neceſſary, for, ſhould I make them abſolutely deſpair of poiſoning me, they would have recourſe to other means.

My reſolution was taken, and when the ſupper came I taſted a bit of bread and drank a ſmall quantity of water, after carefully inſpecting it, and without

ſaying

ſaying any thing more ſent the reſt away.

The keeper's door ſoon opened, the ray of light appeared on the wall, and a new conſultation ſucceeded. The keeper again was troubled with ſuperſtitious fears; and Mac Fane was perſuaded that, having been alarmed at tea-time, I had from ſuſpicion refuſed to eat any ſupper.

After a debate, they concluded it would be in vain to attempt to poiſon me in my tea, for I ſhould detect it: they would therefore ſend me a ſhort allowance at breakfaſt, keep me hungry, and prepare my dinner for the next day. The keeper propoſed to give me no breakfaſt, but Mac Fane ſaid that was the way to make me ſuſpect.

They were both highly chagrined; but Mac Fane was much the moſt talkative at all times, and the loudeſt in oaths and menaces: though I ſcarcely think even him a more dangerous man than the keeper.

In the morning, obſerving they had ſent agreeable to their plan a ſmall quantity, after a little examination I ate what was brought me, and the keeper retired apparently ſatisfied.

It was far otherwiſe at dinner, when I abſolutely refuſed to eat; and their vexation was greatly increaſed by my perſiſting to refuſe the whole day.

Late at night a new council was held, and it was long in debate whether I ſhould be ſuffered to live the night out. At laſt the cupidity of Mac Fane prevailed,

vailed, and his fear of not getting Mr. Clifton's bond for eleven thouſand pounds, as he ſaid, though I underſtood he had won but ten, ſeems now to have firſt ſtruck him; and this induced him to deſiſt. I underſtood however that Mac Fane had ſtill ſome hopes from his poiſon, and conſequently that to faſt would ſtill be neceſſary.

Their final reſolve was that, the moment Mr. Clifton ſhould have given Mac Fane the bond, they would then delay no longer: and, from the threats which he vaunted of having uſed, he expected the bond to be given the next day, when Mr. Clifton was to come to the keeper's, if I underſtood them rightly, after his viſit to Anna St. Ives.

This idea again conjured up torturing

images, and fears which no efforts I have been able to make can entirely appeaſe.

I began this narrative the firſt day on which I found my life was in danger, and have continued it to this time, which is now the twelfth day of my confinement. The deſire which the keeper expreſſes to poſſeſs himſelf of the money convinces me of my great jeopardy. He was eager to have committed the murder laſt night, during the laſt converſation I heard. That I ſhould eſcape with life from the hands of theſe wicked men is but little probable; but I will not deſert myſelf; I will not forward an act of blood by timidity. Were I to deſtroy the bank-bills, and to tell them they were deſtroyed, I ſhould not be believed.

lieved. I mean to try another expedient —I hear them in the keeper's room!

These are the laſt words I ſhall ever write. They are determined on immediate murder—But I will ſell my life dearly. * * * * * * * * * *

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LETTER CXXVI.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

OH my friend! I am escaped! Have broken my prison and am sitting now—I cannot tell you where, but in a place of safety. I have been thus successful by the aid of Laura.

It is now four days since I saw your brother. Lulled to security by the peace-

able

able manner in which I had ſubmitted to confinement, and imagining Laura to be ſtill in the intereſt of Mr. Cliſton, though this ſilly girl is now a very ſincere penitent, the old woman began to indulge her in ſtill greater liberties. I warned Laura very ſeriouſly againſt any precipitate attempts, for I ſaw it was probable this incautiouſneſs would increaſe, provided it were encouraged.

No good opportunity offered till this morning, when Laura was ſuffered to take the key of my priſon chamber, and let herſelf in and out.

The moment ſhe told me of it I enquired what other obſtacles there were. Laura ſaid we might get into the yard, but no further, for there was a high wall which no woman could climb. I aſked

her if she thought a man could climb it? She answered, yes, she had seen men do such things, but she could not think how.

The absence of Mr. Clifton for so long a time, without releasing me from my imprisonment, made me in hourly expectation of his return. I therefore did not stay to hesitate, but desired Laura to steal down stairs before me, and open the door, for that I was determined to attempt the wall.

Laura was terrified at the fear of being left behind, for she said she never could climb it. "Alas! What was to be-"come of her?"—I told her she should have thought of consequences long ago; but that she might be certain I would not desert her: on the contrary, I would

go

go to the firſt houſe I could find and ſend her relief, if I ſhould happen to climb a wall which ſhe could not. Though, I likewiſe added, it was weakneſs and folly to ſuppoſe that men were better able to climb walls than women, or that ſhe could not follow, if I could lead.

The aſſurance of relief in part quieted her fears: ſhe opened the firſt door, ſtole down to the ſecond, I followed, ſhe unlocked it, and we both got into the yard.

The wall as ſhe ſaid was high and not eaſily climbed; but I had little time for reflection: the old woman ſaw us through the window, and was coming.

To this wall there was a gate, equally high, but with a handle to ſhut, ledges

running acroſs, and two or three cracked places that afforded hold for the hand. You and I, Louiſa, have often diſcourſed on the excellence of active courage, and the much greater efforts of which both ſexes are capable than either of them imagine. I climbed the gate with great ſpeed and little difficulty.

The old woman was already in the yard, and Laura ſtood wondering to ſee me on the top of the wall, fearing I ſhould now break my neck in getting down again, and ſtill in greater terror at the approach of the old woman. I made ſome attempt to perſuade the latter to give Laura her liberty; but our turnkey is very deaf, and inſtead of liſtening to me ſhe ran for ſome offenſive weapon to beat me off the wall: ſo, once more aſ-

ſuring Laura I would ſend her immediate aid, and keeping hold of the gate poſt with my hand, I let myſelf down and with very little hurt.

I proceeded along a narrow lane; I knew not in what direction, but hurried forward in great haſte; not only from the poſſibility of being purſued, but becauſe it began to blow and rain very heavily. In leſs than ten minutes I came to a houſe: I rang, a man came to the gate, and I readily gained admiſſion.

I was ſhewn into the room where I am now writing, and another perſon was ſent to me, who perhaps is the maſter of the houſe, though from his appearance I ſhould rather ſuppoſe the contrary. I aſked firſt if it were poſſible to get a coach; and he enquired where I came from?

from? I told him, from a houſe at a conſiderable diſtance, in the ſame lane, where I had been forcibly ſhut up, and where my maid ſtill was, whom I wiſhed to have releaſed; adding I would well reward any two men, by whom it might eaſily be effected, if they would go and help her over the wall.

He liſtened very attentively, ſtood ſome time to conſider, and then replied there was no coach to be procured within a mile of the place, but that a man ſhould go for one; and that I might make myſelf eaſy concerning the young woman (Laura) for ſhe ſhould ſoon join me. The look and manner of the man did not pleaſe me, but the caſe was urgent, the ſtorm increaſing, and I in want of ſhelter and protection.

I then

I then recollected it would perhaps be ſafeſt to write immediately to Groſvenor-Street, to prevent ſurpriſe as well as to guard againſt accidents, and I aſked if he could furniſh me with a ſheet of paper and pen and ink. He anſwered he feared not, but called a boy, and ſaid to him—"Did not I ſee you with ſome "writing paper the other day?" The boy anſwered yes; and he bade him go and fetch it, and bring me the pen and ink.

He then left me, and the boy preſently returned, with a ſheet of paper, an old ink-bottle, and a very indifferent pen. The boy looked at me earneſtly, and then examined the pen, ſaying it was a very bad one, but he would fetch me a better.

The

The man who was juſt gone had told me that nobody could be ſpared, to go as far as I required, in leſs than an hour at the ſooneſt; I therefore have time to write at length.

I think there can be little doubt but that my Louiſa is long before this in Groſvenor-Street. I would not wiſh Sir Arthur to be informed too ſuddenly, I will therefore direct to her at a venture; but for fear of accidents will add to the direction—"If Miſs Cliſton be not there, "to be opened and read by Mrs. "Clarke."—In the preſent alarmed ſtate of the family this will enſure its being opened, even if both my good friends ſhould be abſent.

Good

Good heaven! What does this mean?—I have juſt riſen to ſee if the little boy were within call, and find the door is locked upon me!

I have been liſtening!—I hear ſtern and loud voices!—I fear I have been very inconſiderate!—I know not what to think!

Where am I?—Oh, Louiſa, I am ſeized with terror! Looking into the table-drawer at which I am ſitting, in ſearch of wafers, I have found my own letter; opened, dirtied, and worn! Alas! You know of no ſuch letter!—Again I am addreſſing myſelf to the winds!—The very fatal letter in which I men-

tioned

tioned the eight thouſand pounds!—Where am I, where am I?—In what is all this to end?

All is loſt!—Flight is hopeleſs!—The very man who headed the ruffians that ſeized me has juſt walked into the room, placed himſelf with his back againſt the door, ſurveyed me, ſatisfied himſelf who it was, then warily left me, locked the door, and called a man to guard it!—Oh my incautious folly!

I am in the dwelling of demons!—I never heard ſuch horrible oaths!—Surely there is ſome peculiar miſchief working!—The noiſe increaſes, with unheard-of blaſphemy!

Merciful

Merciful Heaven! I hear the voice of Frank!—What is doing?—Muſt I remain here?—Oh miſery!——What cries! * * * * * *
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LET-

LETTER CXXVII.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover Street.

ALL is over, Fairfax!—I am juſt brought from the ſcene of blood!—You ſee this is not my hand-writing—My hand muſt never write more—But I would employ the little ſtrength I have, in relating "the laſt ſcene of this event-"ful hiſtory." My ſiſter is my amanuenſis.

nuenſis. Theſe ſurgical meddlers iſſued their edict that I ſhould not ſpeak; but they found I could be as obſtinate as themſelves: I would not ſuffer a probe to be drawn at me till I had written, for when they begin I expect it will ſoon be over.

I remember I ended my laſt at the very minute I was about to mount my horſe. It was a wintery day. The rain fell in ſheets, and the wind roared in my face. My piſtols were charged and locked in my pocket.

I rode full ſpeed, but I ſet off too late! When I approached the madhouſe, I heard the moſt piercing ſhrieks and cries of murder!—They mingled with the ſtorm, in wild and appalling horror!—I rang violently at the bell!.....A ready and

an eager hand ſoon flew to open the gate —It was Anna St. Ives!—A boy ſhewed her the way—It was her cries and his, mingled with the blaſphemies of the wretches above, which I had heard!

Her firſt word again was murder!—"Fly! Save him, ſave him!"—

I ruſhed forward—The noiſe above ſtairs was dreadful—I blundered and miſſed the ſtairs, but the terrified boy had run after me to ſhew me. I heard two piſtols fire as I aſcended.—The horror that ſtruck my heart was inconceivable!—A fellow armed with a bludgeon was ſtanding to guard the door. My piſtols were unlocked and ready: I preſented and bade him give way—He inſtantly obeyed—I made the lock fly and entered!—The firſt object that ſtruck my

my ſight was Frank, beſmeared with blood, a diſcharged piſtol in his hand, defending himſelf againſt a fellow aiming blows at him with a bludgeon, Mac Fane hewing at him with a cutlaſs, and the keeper, who had juſt been ſhot, expiring at his feet!

I fired at Mac Fane—My ſhot took place, though not ſo effectually but that he turned round, made a ſtab at me, and pierced the abdomen almoſt to the ſpine. But he had met his fate; and the return he made was moſt welcome!—He fell, and the remaining antagoniſts of Frank immediately fled.

Frank is living, but dreadfully hacked by the villain Mac Fane. They tell me his life is ſafe, and that his wounds are deep, but not dangerous. Perhaps they

mean

mean to deceive me. If ſo their folly is extreme, and their pity to me ill placed. I well know I deſerve no pity.

With reſpect to myſelf, my little knowledge of ſurgery teaches me that a wound ſo violent, made with a cutlaſs in ſuch a part, muſt be mortal. But mortality to me is a bleſſing. To live would indeed be miſery. Torments never yet were imagined equal to thoſe I have for ſome time endured: but, though I have lived raving, I do not mean to die canting. Take this laſt adieu therefore, dear Fairfax, and do not becauſe you once eſteemed me endeavour to palliate my errors. Let my letters to you do juſtice to thoſe I have injured. To have ſaved his life who once ſaved mine, is a ray of conſolation

to

to that proud ſwelling heart, which has ſometimes delighted to confer, but has always turned averſe from the receiving of obligations. I would have been more circumſtantial in my narrative, were it not for the teaſing kindneſs of my ſiſter.

Once more, and everlaſtingly, adieu!

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. ADDED BY LOUISA CLIFTON.

As to a friend of my brother, ſir, I have taken the liberty to delay ſending the letter, till his wound has been examined. The ſurgeons are divided in their judgment. Two of them affirm the wound is mortal; the third is poſitive that a cure is poſſible; eſpecially conſidering

dering the youth and high courage of the patient, on which he particularly inſiſts. I dare not indulge myſelf too much in hope: I merely ſtate opinion. Neither dare I ſpeak of my own ſenſations. Of the worth of a mind like that of Mr. Clifton, you, ſir, his friend and correſpondent, cannot be ignorant. The paſt is irrevocable; but hope always ſmiles on the future. Should he recover—! Reſignation becomes us, and time will quickly relieve us from doubt.

L. CLIFTON.

LET.

LETTER CXXVIII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

MRS. WENBOURNE

Groſvenor-Street.

I RETURN you my ſincere thanks, dear madam, for your kind congratulations; and think myſelf honoured by the great joy you expreſs, at my ſafety and the deliverance of Mr. Henley. I will not attempt to deſcribe my own feelings; they are in-

expreſſible; but will endeavour to obey your commands, and give you the beſt account I am able of all that has befallen us.

For this purpoſe, I incloſe the narrative written by Mr. Henley during his confinement; and three letters addreſſed to my friend, Louiſa, but never ſent; with a copy of a letter dictated by Mr. Clifton to his friend, Mr. Fairfax. To theſe be pleaſed to add the following particulars of what paſſed after Mr. Henley's narrative breaks off, and the ſudden interruption of my third letter by terror.

Mr. Henley heard but had not time to write their laſt conſultation. It was the eagerneſs of the keeper which overcame the reluctance of Mac Fane to the

the murder, till he ſhould have procured the bond of Mr. Clifton. The keeper was violent: he had bargained with his two men to aſſiſt in the murder, for fifty pounds each; and he told Mac Fane, if he would not conſent, they would proceed without him, and he ſhould have no ſhare of the eight thouſand pounds.

This argument had its effect: Mac Fane had ſome doubts relative to the money won of Mr. Clifton; and four thouſand pounds was a temptation not to be reſiſted.

Mr. Henley omitted mentioning a circumſtance that occurred of ſome moment, becauſe he did not know the meaning of it. Probably they had planned it out of his hearing. The day before the attack, the keeper returned

him his watch and purſe, with the ſame ſum, but not, as Mr. Henley thinks, the ſame pieces, it contained when delivered. The purpoſe of this, it appears, was to make him believe the keeper a man of his word.

On the morning of the intended murder, previous to the aſſault, the keeper came up to Mr. Henley; but not into the room. He talked to him with the uſual ſecurity of his chains, and propoſed that Mr. Henley ſhould deliver up the bank-bills, which the keeper now told him he knew to be in his poſſeſſion; with a promiſe that they ſhould be returned, as the watch and purſe had been.

An artifice ſo ſhallow was not likely to impoſe on Mr. Henley. He had determined how to act, relative to the bank bills,

bills, and anſwered it was true they were in his poſſeſſion; but that he would not deliver them to the keeping of any other. Immediately after this repulſe, the keeper, Mac Fane, and the two attendants aſcended.

The keeper (I ſpeak after Mr. Henley) was much the moſt confident, and ſeemed chiefly fearful that Mr. Henley ſhould ſlip by them. He therefore ſtationed one of his men at the outſide of the door, which he ordered him to lock and guard. Himſelf, Mac Fane, and the other entered the room; the keeper and the man each with a bludgeon, and Mac Fane with a pair of piſtols and his cutlaſs hanging by his ſide.

Mr. Henley had purpoſely kept up a good fire, and had the bank bills in

his hand. He bade them keep off a moment, as if he wiſhed to parley; and they, deſirous of having the bills quietly, remained where they were. Mr. Henley then took the bills one by one, repeating the amount of each to convince them that the whole ſum was there, and then ſuddenly thruſt them into the fire. They all ruſhed forward to ſave them, and this was the lucky moment on which Mr. Henley ſeized the two arms of Mac Fane, who, on account of his weapons, was the principal object, and who, intending to fire at him, in the ſtruggle ſhot the keeper. The other piſtol Mr. Henley wreſted from him, during which conteſt it went off, but without doing miſchief.

Mac

Mac Fane then drew his hanger, and made ſeveral cuts at Mr. Henley, who was attacked on the other ſide by the keeper's man.

In the heat of this conflict Mr. Clifton arrived; and what then followed, his letter will inform you.

It is neceſſary I ſhould now ſay a word of myſelf, and of the ſmall part which I had in this very dreadful affair. And here I muſt remind you of the boy, ſo often mentioned in Mr. Henley's narrative; for to him, perhaps, we all owe our ſafety. At leaſt, had it not been for him, Mr. Clifton could not certainly have gained admiſſion.

The poor fellow heard and ſaw enough to let him underſtand ſome ſtrange crime was in agitation. He has great acute-

neſs and ſenſibility: he looked at me when I firſt came, in a very ſignificant manner; and would have ſpoken had he dared.

The door of the room in which I was ſhut was both locked and bolted; but the man that was ſet to guard it was wanted, for a more blood-thirſty purpoſe.

I need not inform you how much my fears were alarmed, the moment I found myſelf in the cuſtody of the man by whom I had at firſt been ſeized. But how infinitely was my terror increaſed when I heard the voice of Frank, which I did very diſtinctly, and preſently afterward of the horror about to be committed! My ſhrieks were inceſſant! The poor boy heard them, and though ſhrieking with terror almoſt as violent as

my

my own, yet had the preſence of mind to come and ſet me free.

Mr. Clifton's ringing was heard at the ſame moment. The top bolt of the gate was high, and I opened it with difficulty; but deſpair lent me force. It certainly could not have been opened time enough by the boy.

Of this and the following ſcene, and of the agonizing ſenſations that accompanied them, I will attempt no further deſcription. I will now only relate by what means, and whoſe aid, we left this houſe of horror.

You know, madam, with what activity my dear Louiſa exerted herſelf, and employed every expedient in her power. You are likewiſe acquainted with the zeal of Mrs. Clarke, her niece Peggy,

and the two men, her huſband and brother. Their ardour increaſed rather than abated.

Mr. Webb, whoſe watchings and efforts were inceſſant, ſaw Mac Fane ſtep out of a hackney-coach into the ſhop where Mr. Clifton lodges. This I underſtand to have happened on the ninth evening of my confinement. It was natural that this circumſtance ſhould immediately excite ſuſpicion and alarm. The coach was diſmiſſed, Mac Fane remained, and Mr. Webb continued hovering about the door, waiting in expectation of ſeeing him come out, till two o'clock in the morning, but waiting in vain: after which, concluding that he had miſſed him, he quitted his poſt.

On the morrow, by very diligent enquiry,

quiry, he found out Mac Fane's lodgings; but he had not been at home all night. The ſame ineffectual ſearch was continued during that and the next day; but, on the morning of deliverance, Mr. Webb met a perſon with whom he had formerly been acquainted, who told him of the houſe hired by the keeper, and mentioned the names of his two aſſiſtants, with rumours and ſurmiſes ſufficiently dark and unintelligible, but enough to make Mr. Webb ſuppoſe it was poſſible the perſons he was in ſearch of were there confined.

The intelligence was immediately brought to Louiſa and Sir Arthur, and application as immediately made to the magiſtracy. Webb had obtained very accurate information of the ſite of the

the houſe; and, what was more effectual, had prevailed on his informer to lend his aid.

The relief he brought, though too late to prevent miſchief, was not wholly uſeleſs; Mr. Clifton was the firſt object of our care; for Mr. Henley, though bruiſed, cut, and mangled, has received no ſerious injury. Laura was likewiſe ſent for and relieved from her priſon. Proper conveyances were ſoon provided, and we all removed as faſt as poſſible from this ſcene of horror.

You may be ſure, madam, we did not forget to bring the boy with us. Mr. Henley has an affection for him, which the poor fellow very ſincerely returns; and finds himſelf relieved from the moſt miſerable

miſerable of ſituations, and placed in the moſt happy.

That I may wholly acquit myſelf of the taſk I have undertaken, I muſt juſt mention the Count de Beaunoir. He is a gentleman of the moſt pleaſant temper. Urbanity is his diſtinctive mark, for in this quality moſt of his flights originate. He has thought himſelf my admirer, but in reality he is the general admirer of whatever he ſuppoſes excellent. When he was told of my being affianced to Mr. Henley, inſtead of expreſſing chagrin, he broke into raptures at our mutual happineſs, and how much it was merited. He does not ſeem to underſtand the ſelfiſhneſs of jealouſy.

Perhaps, madam, you have not heard the laſt accounts of the phyſical gentlemen,

men, relative to Mr. Clifton: The ſurgeon who firſt gave hope is now poſitive of a cure; and his opponents begin to own it is not impoſſible, but they will not yet allow that Mr. Clifton is out of danger.

The Count de Beaunoir has paid Mr. Clifton the utmoſt attention; he viſits him twice a day, and, according to the accounts my friend gives me, infuſes a ſpirit of benevolence and affection into his viſits which are highly honourable to his heart. Indeed I and Mr. Henley have ſeveral times met him there: for you may well imagine, madam, we are not the leaſt attentive of Mr. Clifton's viſitors. It is at preſent the ſole ſtudy of Mr. Henley, which way beſt to addreſs himſelf to a heart and underſtanding

ing ſo capable of generous ſenſations, and noble energies. There is an attachment to conſiſtency in the human mind, which will not admit of any ſudden and abſolute change; it muſt be gradual: but thus much may with certainty be ſaid, Mr. Clifton does not at preſent, and I hope will never again, treat with complacency thoſe vindictive but erroneous notions which had ſo nearly proved deſtructive to all. He makes no profeſſions; but ſo much the better; he thinks them the more ſtrongly. His mind preſerves its uſual tone; is ſometimes diſturbed even to exceſs, and bitterly angry, almoſt to phrenſy, at its own miſtakes; but has loſt none of thoſe quick and powerful qualities, by which it is ſo highly diſtinguiſhed.

Sir

Sir Arthur, madam, has desired me to communicate a circumstance, which I shall readily do, without the false delicacy of supposing that I am not the proper person. It is agreed, between him and Mr. Abimelech Henley, that the marriage between me and Mr. Frank Henley shall take place in a month; to which I thought it my duty to assent. I am sorry, madam, that Lord Fitz-Allen should continue to imagine his honour will be sullied by this marriage: but I am in like manner sorry for a thousand follies, which I daily see in the world, without having the immediate power of correcting one of them.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER CXXIX.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover-Street.

IT is not to be endured! They drive me mad! I will not have life thus palmed upon me! There is neither kindneſs nor juſtice in it. I will hear no more of duty, and philanthropy, and general good! I am all fiend!—Hell-born!—The boon companion of the

foulest miscreants the womb of sin ever vomited on earth!—The arm in arm familiar of them!——In the face of the world!—This it is to be honourable!—I—I am a man of honour, a despiser of peasants, an assertor of rank!—

Day after day, hour after hour, here I lie, rolling, ruminating on ideas which none but demons could suggest; haunted by visions which devils only could conjure up! And wish me to live? Where is the charity of that? Angels though they be, they have made me miserable! I know I have injured them; I don't deny it. Say what they will, they cannot forgive me—Shall I ask it?—No!—Hell should not make me! I will have no more favours; I am loaded too much already.

For

For it cannot be true!——Their hearts can feel no kindneſs for me!—Oh!—

I have loſt her!—For ever loſt her!—Yet even this deep damnation I could bear, I think I could, had I not made myſelf ſo very foul and deteſtable a villain!——It is intolerable!—The rage of cannibals to mine is patience! I could feed on human hearts; my own the firſt and ſweeteſt morſel!

Well, well!—Her I have loſt; him I have injured!——Injured?——Arrogance, outrage, contempt, blows, impriſonment, and murder!——Theſe are the damning injuries I have done him!—I took greatneſs upon me; I mimicked tyranny, and pretended to inflict large vengeance for petty affronts!

fronts!——I truſted in wiles, and imagined mind might be caught in a net!

Lo how the adder egg of vanity can brood in its own dunghill, and hatch itſelf to perſecution, rape, and murder!—Lo how Guilt and Folly couple, and engender darkneſs to hide their own deformity!——The picture is mine!——Black, midnight rape, and blood red murder! A horrid but indubitable likeneſs.

There are but two ways, either to live and purſue revenge, or to die and forget it—Of the purſuit I am weary. I have

had a full meal of villany, and am glutted: its foulneſs is inſufferable, and I turn from it loathing. Then welcome death! Again it would have ſought me, but for their eternal officiouſneſs. It is in vain. There are ſwords, piſtols, and poiſon ſtill. Life has a thouſand outlets: and to live, knowing what I know and never can forget, would be rank and hateful cowardice! I am determined. I will liſten to their gloſſes no more. Perſuaſion is vain, and ſoothing mockery.

Yet one act of juſtice I will perform before I die. Send me my letters, Fairfax. They ſhall ſee me in my native colours!——Send them directly!

directly!——There is conſolation in the thought——They have dared to ſhew letters that expoſed them to perſecution and malice—I will ſhew what ſhall expoſe me to contempt and hatred!——Let them equal me if they can—I am Clifton!—Inimitable in abſurdity, in vice damnable!—

Take copies if you will. Proclaim me to the world! Read them in coffee-houſes, nail them up at the market-croſs! Let boys hoot at me, and trulls and drabs pluck me by the beard!——What can they?——It is I, myſelf, who hold the ſcorpion whip!—'Tis memory!—What! Envy, rage, revenge, hatred, rape and murder,

der, all poſſeſſing one man?——Poor creature! Poor creature!—Pity him, Fairfax!—Pity?—Aſk pity?—Deſpiſe him! Trample on him! Spit in his face!

C. CLIFTON.

LETTER CXXX.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

London, Groſvenor Street.

HOW violent and reiterated are the conflicts, between truth and error, in every mind of ardour!—And, of all errors, the love of ſelf is the moſt rooted, the leaſt eaſy to detect, and ſupremely difficult to eradicate. We can

can pardon ourſelves any thing, except a want of ſelf-reſpect; but that is intolerable.

I deſcribed, in my laſt *, the diſſatisfied ſtate of mind of Mr. Clifton. But, while he imagined he ſhould die and ſoon loſe all memory of a ſcene become ſo irkſome to him, his diſſatisfaction was trifling, compared to what it is at preſent. Repugnant as the idea was to his habitual feelings, ſtill I have more than half convinced him that ſuicide is an act as cowardly as it is criminal. Yet to live and face the world, loaded as he imagines with unpardonable crimes and everlaſting ignominy, is a thing to which he knows not

* Omitted.

how to conſent. To combat this new miſtake, into which he has fallen, has for ſome time paſt been my chief employment. No common efforts could aſſuage the turbulence of his tempeſtuous ſoul. Energy ſuperior even to his own was neceſſary, to ſubject and calm this perturbation. But, in the ſimplicity of truth, this energy was eaſy to be found: it is from ſelf-diſtruſt, confuſion or cowardice, if it ever fail.

I have juſt left him, and our converſation will give you the beſt hiſtory of his mind, which is well worthy our ſtudy. I found him verging even toward delirium, and a fever coming on, which if not impeded might ſoon be fatal. He keeps his bed; but inſtead of lying at his eaſe, he remained raiſed on his el-

bow, having juſt finiſhed a letter to his friend. Louiſa had deſcribed the ſtate of his mind, and I reſolved to catch its tone, that I might the more certainly command his attention. Without preface, and as if continuing a chain of reaſoning, he addreſſed me; with his eye fixed, in all the ardour of enquiry.

What is man?—What are his functions, qualities, and uſes?—Does he not ſleep trembling, live envying, and die curſing?—And is this worth aught?—Is it to be endured?—Why do I ſuffer life thus to be impoſed upon me?

It is not ſuffering: or, if it be, ſuch ſufferings are of our own creation—To the virtuous and the wiſe, life is joy and bliſs.

Perhaps ſo—Wiſdom there may be,

and truth and virtue. And, for the virtuous and the wiſe, the full ſtream of pleaſure may richly flow: but not for me! Pretend not that I may walk with the gods! I who have been the inmate of fiends! I, who propoſed glory to myſelf from the moſt contemptible of purſuits! I, who could dangle after coquettes and prudes; feed on and inflate myſelf with the baubles of a beauty's toilette; and, in the book of vanity, inſcribe myſelf a great hero, a mighty conqueror, for having heaped ridicule on the ridiculous; or brought innocence to ſhame, miſery, and deſtruction! And this I did with a light and vain heart! Did it laughing, boaſting, exulting! Satanic dog! Peſt of hell! What! Stretch ſouls on the rack, and then girn

and

and mock at them for lying there! 'Tis the ſport of devils, and by devils invented!

Your preſent indignation is honourable both to your heart and underſtanding.

Oh, flatter me not!—Vain, ſupercilious coxcomb!—I ſpread my wings, crowed in conceit, threatened, reſolved, laughed at oppoſition, and kicked the world before me!—Oh, it was who but I!—And what was it I propoſed?—Fair conqueſt?—Honourable oppoſition?—No!—It was treachery, covert malice, and cowardly conſpiracy!—A league with hell-dogs!—Horrible, blood-thirſty villains!—And baffled too; defeated, after all this infernal enginery! Nay, had I been ſo wholly devil as to have

joined in murder, what would have followed? Why they would next have murdered me; and for the juſtice of the ſecond murder would have hoped pardon, even for the hell-born guilt of the firſt!

Do not, while you deteſt and ſhun one crime, plunge into a greater. This agony is for having been unjuſt to others; you are now ſtill more unjuſt to yourſelf. You will not ſuppoſe yourſelf capable of a ſingle virtue: yet, in your moſt miſtaken moments, you never could be ſo illiberal to your enemies.

Would you perſuade me I am not a moſt guilty, foul, and hateful monſter?—Oh be more worthy of yourſelf, avoid me, deteſt me, curſe me!

I will anſwer when you are more calm.

Calm?—

Calm?—Never, while this degraded being ſhall continue, ſhall ſuch a moment come!—I calm? Sleeping or waking, I at peace? I pardon hypocriſy, treachery, blows, bruiſes, priſons, chains, poiſon, rape and murder? Miniſters of wrath deſcend, point here your flaming ſwords, annihilate all memory of what manhood and honour were, and fit me for the ſociety of the damned!

Forbear!——(Never before did I addreſs him in ſuch a voice—The laſt dreadful word of his ſentence was drowned, by my ſtern and awful violence; which reaſon dictated as the only means of recalling his maddening thoughts, from the deſpair and horror into which they were hurrying—I continued)—Frantic man, forbear! Recall your wild ſpirits, and command them

to order. How long will you ſuffer this petty ſlavery? How long ſhall the giant rage, and expend his ſtrength, in tearing up ſtubble and rending ſtraws?—Stretch forth your hand, and graſp the oak—Labours worthy of your Herculean mind await and invite you. Away to the temple of Error; ſhake its pillars, and make its foundations totter!—Be yourſelf—Shall the ſoaring eagle ſwoop at reptiles, the prey of bats and owls?

Do not mock me with impoſſible hopes—What! Have you not held the mirror up to me, and ſhewn me my own hatefulneſs?

Are you a man? Will you never ſhake off this bondage? Oh it is baſe! it is beneath you! Of what have you been guilty? Why of ignorance, miſtakes

takes of the underſtanding, falſe views, which you wanted knowledge enough, truth enough, to correct. Have not many of the godlike men whom we admire moſt been guilty, in their youth, of equal or of greater errors?—Thus, alas, it happens that minds of the higheſt hope, and moſt divine ſtamp and coinage, are cut off daily; ſwept away by that other grand miſtake of mankind—"Exemplary puniſhment is neceſ-"ſary"—So they ſay—But no—'Tis exemplary reformation! Can the world be better warned by a body in gibbets, than by the active virtues of a once miſguided but now enlightened underſtanding? The gibbet will remain an object of terror to the traveller, who dreads being robbed and murdered;

but an incitement to deſpair, in the mind of the murderer!—Baniſh then theſe black pictures from your mind, by which it continues darkened and miſled; and in their ſtead behold a ſoul-inſpiring proſpect, of all that is great and glorious, riſing to your view! Feel yourſelf a man! Nay you ſhall feel it, in your own deſpite! A man capable of high and noble actions!

Here, Oliver, I at this time left him. His eye remained fixed, and he was ſilent; but its wildneſs was diminiſhed: the frown of his brow diſappeared, and his countenance became more clear. Such aſſociations as theſe tokens denoted ought not to meet interruption. How-

ever

ever I took care to return in leſs than an hour; fearful leſt he ſhould decline into his former gloom, which was little ſhort of phrenſy. I had been fortunate enough to reduce his diſcordant feelings to ſomething like harmony; and the moment I entered his room the ſecond time he exclaimed—

You are a generous fellow! A magnanimous fellow! You can work miracles!—I know you of old—Can bring the dead to life!—Can almoſt perſuade me that even I, by living, may now and then effect ſome trifling, pitiful good; may ſnatch ſome of the remnants, the offals of honour—But aught eminent, aught worthy of—

Be calm.

No! It cannot be forgotten, or forgiven!—

given!—Cruel, malignant, remorſeleſs wretch!

Can you ſpeak thus of the preſent?—You know you cannot!—And wherefore unjuſtly inſiſt on the paſt? Be firm! Conquer this pride of heart!

Why, ay—Pride of heart!—It is the very damning ſin of my ſoul!

Exorciſe the foul fiend then, and in its ſtead give welcome to firm but unaſſuming ſelf-reſpect. Ariſe! Shake torpor from you, and feel your ſtrength! It is Atlean; made to bear a world! Cheriſh life, and become worthy of yourſelf! What! Would you kill a mind ſo mighty? Do you not feel it, now; poſſeſſing you, emanating, flaming, burſting to ſpread itſelf?

Why, that were ſomething!—Could I but

I but once again get into my own good liking—! You are a ſtrange fellow!—You will not hate me! Nay, will not ſuffer me to hate myſelf!—Damnation! To be caſt at ſuch an immenſe diſtance! Oh it is intolerable! It is contemptible!—But I will have my revenge!—Some how or another I will yet have my revenge! And, ſince hate muſt not be the word, why——! But no matter—I will have no more vaunting—Yet, if I do not——! I have had a glimpſe, and begin to know you—The ſoul of benevolence, of tenderneſs, of attention, of love, of all the divine faculties that make men deities, infuſes itſelf and pervades you—Had I but been wholly fool, I had been but partly villain—But I!—Oh mon-

monſtrous!—The fiends with whom I was leagued to me were angels!

Why, ay; contemplate the picture, but do not forget it is that of a man you once knew, who is now no more. He has diſappeared, and in his ſtead an angel of light is come!

Stop!—Go not too faſt!—I promiſe nothing—Mark that!—I promiſe nothing—Do not imagine I am now in the feveriſh repentance of white wine whey—You would have me ſtay in a world which I myſelf have rendered hateful—I will think of it—I know your arts—You would realize the fable of Pygmalion, and would infuſe ſoul into marble!

There is no need; you have a ſoul already; inventive, capacious, munificent, ſublime!

Ay,

Ay, ay—I know—You have a choice collection of words.

A ſoul of ten thouſand! Nay, an army of ſouls in one!

And muſt I ſubmit? Are you determined to make a raſcal like me admire, and love, and give place to all the fine affections of the heart?

Ay, determined!

Oh, ſiſter!—(Louiſa at this moment entered.) To you too I have behaved like a ſcoundrel! A tyrant! A petulant, oſtentatious, imperious braggart!

You miſtake! replied Louiſa, eagerly. You miſtake! You are talking of a very different man! A being I could not underſtand. You are my brother!

—My

—My brother!—I have found the way to your heart! Will make it all my own! Will twine myſelf round it! Shake me off if you can!

The energy with which ſhe ſpoke, and looked, and kiſſed him, was irreſiſtible! He was overpowered: the tears guſhed to his eyes, but he repreſſed them; he thought them unmanly; and, ſeeing his medical friend enter, exclaimed——I have ſurgeons for the body, and ſurgeons for the mind, who cut with ſo deep yet ſo ſteady a hand that they take away the noxious, and leave the ſound to ſuppurate and heal!

Can we do leſs? ſaid I. Ours is no common taſk! We are acting in behalf of ſociety: we have found a treaſure,

by

by which it is to be enriched. Few indeed are thoſe puiſſant and heavenly endowed ſpirits, that are capable of guiding, enlightening, and leading the human race onward to felicity! What is there precious but mind? And when mind, like a diamond of uncommon growth, exceeds a certain magnitude, calculation cannot find its value!

I once more left him; and never did I quit the company of human being, no not of Anna St. Ives herſelf, with a more glowing and hoping heart. But why deſcribe ſenſations to thee, Oliver, with which thou art ſo intimately acquainted? To bid thee rejoice, to invite thee to participate in felicity, which may and muſt ſo widely diffuſe itſelf, were

were equally to wrong thy understanding and thy heart.

F. HENLEY.

THE END.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ERRATUM.

Vol. IV. page 159, line 21, for ignus read ignis.